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Chapter I - Small Accidents

[image]

Harry's POV

Ron and I were flying in our brooms since we had a free period and Hermione was sitting on some bench reading, as always.

When we heard her calling us, screaming class was going to start soon, Ron and I told her we'd meet her there, she glared at us then picked up her books and walked away.

We exchanged a confused look and started laughing hysterically.

"Did you see the glare she gave us? Merlin she looked pretty pissed off!" Ron said, still laughing.

"I don't think she was pissed, just annoyed. We did leave her alone all this time." I said, trying to catch my breath again.

"Yeah, you do have a point. Anyway, should we keep flying for a little bit, then go to class? I mean, it's potions, it's not like professor Slughorn's going to take points from us."

"Sure!" I replied.

We flew around, chasing each other for a little while, and then I casted a tempus, to see what time was it.

"Shit!" I yelled. "Ron! We are so late we need to go *now*"

"Ugh! Fine." he said, while flying back to the ground.

We took our brooms to a near closet and left them there, then ran to class.

We were already fifteen minutes late when we stormed into the

classroom, and everyone stared at us.

There were only two sits left: one next to Hermione, and one next to Malfoy.

Ron and I looked at each other, and then we ran to seat next to Hermione, but Ron pushed me and took the seat before I did.

I glared at Ron, then looked at Malfoy, who was staring at me with hatred in his eyes, and, sighing, I started my way to sit next to him.

When I got there I sat as far away from Malfoy as I could, and he did the same.

"Well, now that the show has ended," professor Slughorn started, looking at Ron and I, and we both mumbled an apology. "today we will be brewing a extremely difficult and a little dangerous potion, the ageing potion. Can someone please tell the class in what does this potion consist?"

Obviously, Hermione's hand shot up the moment Slughorn finished his question.

"Yes, miss Granger?"

"A ageing potion is a powerful potion which causes the drinker to temporarily become older. The more of the potion is drunk, the larger the ageing which occurs." Hermione said, finishing with her typical smile.

"Very well, three points to Gryffindor." Slughorn said, causing all the Gryffindors to stand up and applause. Well, except from me. I was distracted, as I kept felling Malfoy stealing glances at me.

"You will be brewing the potion with the person who you're sitting next to and the final result will be given equally." I heard Malfoy groan at that, but decided to ignore it.

"The instructions are in your desks. You may begin."

People started walking around, getting the ingredients or chatting. I looked at Malfoy and he was focused reading the instructions. He

then turned to me and groaned again.

"What is your problem? We're going to have to do this together, so could you at least *try* and be *polite* for a change?" I told him angrily.

"Go get the ingredients, I'll start with the cauldron." he simply said.

I wanted to yell at him for giving me orders, but instead I nodded and went to get what we needed. *Bastard.*

We spent the rest of the class working silently, apart from Malfoy casually giving me instructions.

"Cut two slices of newt spleens half a inch each and pass it to me." he ordered.

I nodded and started cutting the newt spleens without paying them a lot of attention.

I then passed them to Malfoy and he put them into the cauldron.

"Now we wait until it's done brewing and we're finished." he said, while sitting down and sighing from exhaustion.

"Finally!" I said, sitting down beside him. - Sooo... what do we do in the meantime?

"We wait, *Potter*." he spat. "For merlin's sake we're not kids." he said sounding annoyed.

"Boring." I stated, which earned me a glare from Malfoy. Which earned *him* a roll of eyes from me.

"Don't you roll your eyes at me, *git*!" he said, pissed of. Great, now I have to deal with pissed Malfoy.

I decided to ignore him, and he looked away, mumbling something to himself.

We waited for twenty minutes, and it was finally time to see if our potion was fine.

We got up, still in silence, and when Malfoy looked at the potion he went pale, paler than he already was.

"What. Did. You. Do?!" he screamed at me.

"Me? I did nothing!" I went to see what was wrong, and noticed that instead of green, the potion was a brownish tone that looked like mud.

"How did you cut the newt spleens slices?" he asked.

"An inch each, why?" I replied, confused.

"Of course you did! Can't you do anything right? We're going to fail, and it's going to be only because you did not listen to me when I told you to cut them *half* a inch each, not *an* inch. Merlin Potter!" he screamed at me.

"Hey Harry, do you-" Neville started, coming to our table, but he slipped in a bit of some old potion that was on the floor, which made him fly to the table and hit the cauldron, and spill his content all over me.

"Neville!" I screamed, annoyed. Malfoy was laughing at the scene.

"I-I'm so sorry Harry, let me help you-"

"No it's ok, I'll do it myself."

Malfoy was now laughing hysterically.

"Stop that will you?" I screamed at him.

But he didn't stop.

As I was angrily making my way to him, I started feeling dizzy and fell to the floor, then, I blacked out, after hearing someone calling my name.

Chapter II - Potter is... a kid?

Draco's POV

As I was laughing my lungs out, I didn't notice that Potter was getting pale, and started slightly trembling. But then he fell into the ground, and seemed to vanish.

"*POTTER!"*

I ran to him, and when I lifted his robes I gasped. There, sitting on the ground, was Harry Potter, but not sixteen year old Potter; He was... a kid? He looked like a three or four years old tiny Potter, skinny and with a bruise on his face.

But what caught my attention were his big green shiny eyes, that stared at me in fear, which made my heart sink.

"Hey... " I said quietly.

He flinched. There were tears in his eyes and he looked terrified.

"I'm not going to hurt you P-Harry." I said, trying to give the little trembling boy a smile.

"W-who awe you?" he said, almost in a whisper.

"My name is Draco, Draco Malfoy." he nodded slowly, but kept staring at me in fear. "How old are you?"

He showed me five fingers slowly and I gasped, he looked younger than five, he was so tiny!

"Would you come here?" I asked quietly.

He started trembling harder as he got up, a single tear falling down his little face, which he wiped away so people wouldn't see.

The whole class was staring at little Potter by now and that made

him even more scared.

He made his way towards me, obviously fearing what I would do to him, which broke my heart. No child should have to feel like that. Not even Potter. I thought he was treated like a king in his muggle family. I mean, he is *The Chosen One*.

He gripped the extremely large shirt around him, his even larger robes forgotten on the floor, and continued his way to me slowly, and I opened my arms to him.

He seemed to flinch at that movement, but I gave him a reassuring smile and nodded for him to continue.

As he reached me I embraced him, and felt him tense for a moment, but then he held his tiny arms in my shoulders and cried silently in my chest.

I rubbed his back trying to calm him down and told him it would be ok.

Everyone at this point had either terrified, surprised, or touched expressions on their faces. But the most priceless expression was Weasel's. He was with his mouth hanging open, his eyes filled with rage and Granger was holding him down.

I smirked then returned my attention back to Harry.

"Are you alright?" I asked softly.

He nodded.

I put my hand under his chin and lifted his head so I could look at his eyes. They were shining and teary, and his cheeks had tracks of tears all the way down his chin. I gently whipped his tear-stained face with my other hand.

"I've nevew been hugged befow..." he said, softly, turning his gaze to the floor.

"Well, guess that'll have to change, don't you think?" I asked him warmly.

He smiled softly at me, and I had to admit, it was the most beautiful smile I'd ever seen.

"Class dismissed. I want everyone out except Mr. Malfoy and Mr. Potter." Professor Slughorn demanded.

After some threatens from Slughorn and a long talk with Weasley we were left in the classroom.

"Mr. Malfoy, would you care to explain exactly what went wrong? Since not only you brewed the potion wrongly but it also had the opposite effect it should have had." Professor said angrily.

"Hum... I'm terribly sorry about it professor... we-"I started to explain but I was interrupted.

"Don't be angwy at Dwaco... it was not his fault..." young Harry said, looking at professor Slughorn with adorable big shiny eyes.

"I'm not angry at him, Harry. I just need to know what happened, so I can fix you!" he said.

"F-fix me? W-what's wong with me? Uncle Vewnom says fweaks can't be fixed..."

"F-freaks?" I gulped. *How dare his uncle call him a freak?*

"Y-yes Dwaco... that's what I am..." Harry said, sadly, looking into my eyes.

I didn't know what to do. I was so angry at his uncle right now that I could kill him. So I hugged Harry.

"Can I ask you something, Harry?"

He nodded.

"That bruise, in your cheek, was it him? Your uncle, I mean."

He tensed a little bit before nodding slowly.

I was now pissed. I wanted to find his so called *uncle* and make him

pay for what he did to Harry.

"Hmm... Mr. Malfoy? Harry? I need to take you to Dumbledore's office now, so... hmm... would you come with me?" He asked softly, so he wouldn't scare little Harry.

I nodded and slowly picked young Harry up, and settled him on my hip, and he hugged my neck.

He was obviously exhausted, so I told him to lay his head on my shoulder.

He fell asleep on our way to the headmaster's office, and something I noticed on our way there was that Harry was light, way too light if you may ask me. He also seemed unhealthily skinny. That got me worried and angry.

When we entered Dumbledore's office, his eyes widened as he looked at the sleeping child in my arms.

"What happened?" he asked, concerned.

"Mr. Malfoy and Mr. Potter here brewed the ageing potion incorrectly, and it had the opposite effect that it should have had. It spilled all over Mr. Potter after Mr. Longbottom clumsily fell on their table and pushed their cauldron." professor Slughorn replied.

"How long does it take to brew an antidote?" Dumbledore asked.

"It depends on which ingredient they failed. Do you happen to know which one was, Mr. Malfoy?"

"Yes, sir, it was on the newt spleens, sir. They were cut in slices with one inch instead of half." I replied.

"Then I would say it will take about four to five months to brew."

"Four to five months?! Harry will miss so much of the school year! Can't you find a way to do it faster?" I almost screamed.

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Malfoy. And I would advise you to watch your tone, next time it may cost a few points from your house." Slughorn said.

I groaned.

"We'll have to find a guardian for him." Dumbledore stated.

"What about professor McGonagall?" asked Slughorn.

"No, she's too busy. Severus, perhaps?" suggested Dumbledore.

"He hates the boy. And the boy hates him."

"Then who?"

"I'll do it." I said.

They both turned their gazes at me and stared.

"I'm the only one who Harry does not fear right now, and I believe it would make up for the accident in class? Plus, every professor is way too busy to look after a child, and I could take him to classes, and have him stay with me." I explained.

"Seems like a good idea, don't you think, Albus?"

"I suppose. But I will have to assign you your own quarters, I can't have you stay neither in Gryffindor's nor in Slytherin's." Dumbledore said.

I nodded.

And suddenly, I just knew it was time to start something new, and trust the magic of beginnings.

Chapter III - Freak

[image]

A/N-From now on most of the story is going to be in Draco's POV, only when Harry gets older it will start having his POV again.

Draco's POV

The quarters that were assigned to us were close to Madam Pomfrey's infirmary, which would be useful in case Harry got sick.

He was still sleeping when we entered the quarters, and let me say, they looked dashing. The walls painted in a delicate combination of green and red as the ornaments and decorations were a soft silver and gold, creating a beautiful harmony between Slytherin and Gryffindor, which I never thought I would admit that worked perfectly.

There was a kitchen, a living room mixed with a dinning room, one bathroom and two chambers, one for me and one for Harry. I entered Harry's, that was, as expected, decorated in red with delicate strands of gold, and laid him down on the soft single bed and covered him so he wouldn't get cold. Then I closed the door slowly so I wouldn't wake the sleeping angel- *wait what? Did I just think that? Hell the little boy's getting to me.* I sighed, then smiled.

I went to the bathroom to take a quick shower and went to my bedroom, which was all covered in green and silver. It had a queen sized bed as soft as Harry's. I laid down and fell asleep smiling, thinking about the journey that awaited me.

The next morning I woke up and went to see Harry, but when I entered his room, he wasn't in his bed, neither were his pillows. *Where is he?*

I started searching for him around the room and that's when I found

him on the corner, sleeping on top of his pillows and curled up in a ball, as if he was trying to keep himself warm.

"Harry?" I whispered softly, trying to wake him up.

He groaned and opened his eyes slowly, then gave me a tired smile.

"Mownin'." he said, yawning and curling up tighter.

I touched his face and it was cold, like freezing cold.

"Why aren't you in bed, angel?" I asked. *Did I just call him angel? I must be going mad!*

"Fweaks awe not supposed to sleep in beds." he said, as if it was obvious.

"Harry... you're not a freak... you can sleep in the bed, you know? You're not with your uncle anymore. You're with me now, and I'll take care of you..." I said sweetly.

"I'm not?" he asked, surprised, and his eyes lightened up.

I smiled at him and put my hand to his cheek.

"No. And I promise to not let your uncle get to you, ok?"

"You pwomise?"

"I do."

"Thank you Dwaco." he said, smiling.

"You're welcome angel."

"Why do you call me that?" he asked confused.

"Because you are my little angel." I replied, pinching his nose softly. "Now, let's get you warmed up!"

He smiled then nodded.

"Do you want to take a bath?" I asked and he flinched, fear

obviously growing in his eyes.

"D-do I need to?" he asked, shaking.

"It would be better if you did." I said, trying to convince him.

He gulped his tears and then slowly nodded.

I picked him up and took him to the bathroom, turning on the water and preparing a warm bath for Harry.

When it was all set, a brought him closer to me and started slowly taking off his shirt.

As his shirt was removed, I couldn't believe my eyes. His chest was covered in bruises, most of them looked recent, but there was one that caught my attention, and brought tears to my eyes: he had the word *freak* craved in the middle of his stomach, right above his bellybutton, it was a rather deep wound, and it had dry blood all around it.

Poor Harry was crying at this point, and mumbling apologies repeatedly, but I softly tried to calm him, while rubbing his back, careful to not touch any wound.

"You're not a freak angel..." I whispered to him. "Do you trust me?"

He nodded, trembling.

"Then do you believe me when I tell you you're not a freak?"

He hesitated, but nodded and wiped his tears.

"Harry, if anyone ever tries to tell you you are something you're not, promise me to not believe them, will you?"

He nodded again, hugging me weakly.

"Do you still want me to wash you? That way I could clean your wounds, and you could play with the bubbles how does that sound?"

"Sounds good..."

"It does, doesn't it?"

He nodded.

"Then let's get you cleaned up. It may sting a little, but then it will go away, ok?"

He nodded again and I sighed.

After the giving Harry a bath and cleaning his wounds, I proceeded to start making breakfast.

I used a book that showed how to make pancakes with magic, and they were done in less than five minutes.

Harry was sitting on the couch, hugging a grey stuffed dragon.

"Hey, angel I made breakfast. Do you like pancakes?"

I saw his eyes lightening up at that and I chuckled, then handed him a plate with one, covered in chocolate.

He hummed with every bite, and ate like he hadn't eaten in days, which I started to doubt was the case.

I smiled at the little boy as he was eating, and then I looked to his stuffed dragon, that he seemed to like very much.

"Were did that dragon come from, angel?" I asked, curious.

"It was in the bedwoom!" he said happily, but then his smile dropped "I wasn't supposed to take it, was I?"

"No no no! It's yours Harry!"

"It is?"

"Yes it is! So is everything in your room!"

"Even that big castle in the cownew?" he asked, his eyes shining brighter at every word he said.

"Even the big castle!"

He smiled. And his smile made me smile.

"Do you know what is the dwagon's name?" he asked, excited.

"No, what is it?"

"It's Dway. It is almost like Dwaco, youw name! So I named him that. Because you awe weally impowtant to me."

My eyes were teary. Merlin, I've never felt so loved. It's been only a day and I was strangely feeling home. More than I've ever felt. I loved that I had Harry.

I pulled him into a hug.

"You are really important to me too angel." I whispered.

And then I knew. Sitting here, right in front of me, was my chance to begin again. My chance to have the life I've always wanted but never could have.

My chance to be loved.

And my chance to love.

Chapter IV - Don't ever leave...

Draco's POV

After I dressed Harry and I, we started making our way to the first class of the day: charms.

Harry was overly excited about it, since he claimed to never have seen real magic with his own eyes.

The expression he made after I showed him my wand was priceless, but not as priceless as the one he had after I levitated a jar that was on the corner.

We were walking hand in hand, and it was obvious Harry was using all his strengths not to let go of my hand and run into the classroom.

Who would have thought? The boy who lived being eager to get to class? The world must be ending!

When we arrived the door of the classroom I heard him giggle to himself, and I saw the widest smile in his face.

I opened my arms to pick him up, and he jumped on me, laughing.

I settled him on my hip and opened the door, only to be greeted by all eyes looking at us.

Harry buried his face on my shoulder, embarrassed, and I rubbed his back.

"It's okay, angel. They are only looking because they're jealous."

"Why would they be jealous?" he asked, confused. "I'm only a fwe- no, I'm not. Am I?"

"No, of course not! You are a beautiful and strong young man!" I reassured him.

I can't believe he is still tempted to call himself a freak. His muggle family must really have gotten into him.

"Stwong?"

"Yes, angel. So, so strong!"

"Weally?"

"Yes!"

He smiled.

He has trust issues clearly, as he always needs people to assure him of everything they say. I'm not complaining, I'm just worried about him.

We made our way to a table in the back, and then professor Flitwick entered the classroom, and smiled as he saw us.

"Why is he so small?" Harry whispered to me.

"He is part-wizard part-goblin, that's what makes him smaller." I told him.

"What is a goblin?" he asked me, confused.

"Goblins are a highly intelligent race of small humanoids with long fingers and feet that coexist with the wizard world." I explained, hoping it wasn't too confusing for him to understand.

He nodded at me and thanked me for explaining it, and I gave him a smile.

"Good morning, students." Flitwick started, climbing a pile of books to get taller. "Today we will continue were we left last lesson. Can someone please enlighten me on where were we?"

Guess who put their hand up straight away? Granger, of course!

"Yes, Miss Granger?"

"We were learning the theory about the engorgement charm,

engorgio."

"Very well. And could you please tell us in what does this charm consist?"

"The engorgement charm is a charm that causes the target to swell immensely. If the caster attempts to engorge the target beyond a certain point it will violently explode. Although this spell is safe to use on animals, it is not recommended until the counter-charm has been perfected."

"You sure know your spells, Miss Granger. Five points to Gryffindor." Flitwick said, with a smile in his face.

I rolled my eyes and groaned.

"What's wong Dwaco?" Harry asked quietly. "did that giwl annoy you?"

"Nothing's wrong my angel, don't worry." I said, while brushing his cheek with the back of my hand, causing him to lean his face further into my hand, turning it around, and leaving a soft kiss on my palm, and I smiled at him.

The class went on, and I noticed that Harry was completely focused in every word the professor said. I, in the other hand, wasn't able to concentrate with the little child sitting beside me in my mind. Then we started the practical part of the charm, which consisted on making a object grow.

I grabbed my wand, flicked it and said *engorgio,* but nothing happened. I tried again and again, and nothing, until I heard a small voice.

"You have to move the wand in a ciwculaw way, dwawing small stwaight vewtical lines both in the beginning and in the end of casting the spell. Like this-" he said, while grabbing a stick that was on the table and showing me the movement.

[image]

I stared at him, with wide eyes. How could a five year old child sink

in that kind of information having heard it only once?

I imitated his gesture, said the word and saw the small object on front of me grow.

I looked at Harry again, my mouth open, in shock.

He hid his face, looking ashamed, but I hugged him and thanked him.

"Youw welcome... you seemed distwacted duwing class, so I thought I could help you." he said.

"Well, thank you very much for your help, Harry." I said, while ruffling his hair, which caused him to giggle.

I spent the rest of the class perfecting the engorgement charm, and by the time we left class, I did it better than anyone else, even Granger, which earned six points to Slytherin, all thanks to Harry.

Then we had herbology, and Harry spent the whole class drawing in a spare notebook I had.

"Can I see what you're drawing, Harry?" I asked him.

"No!" he exclaimed pulling the drawing away from me. - Not yet! It's a suwpwise.

He spent the rest of the day in that drawing, and my curiosity was kicking me hard, but I waited anyway.

We had lunch in our kitchen, then had double potions and classes were over.

When we arrived our quarters after dinner, Harry finally turned to me.

"Hey, Dwaco..!" he said, shyly "Hewe..." he handed me the drawing he was making.

I didn't know what to say to him as I looked at what he had drew. It was a tall blonde man holding the hand of a tiny raven-haired child,

and they were both smiling. The lines were drawn perfectly and there wasn't one part of it that had colouring out of them, which surprised me, since he was only five.

"It's us!" he said, more excitedly.

"It's beautiful, angel..." I said, lacking of words, and smiled at him, bending to kiss his forehead.

He took the opportunity and hugged me thigh, as if I would go away any second when he let me go.

"Don't evew leave Dwaco..." he said, quietly, holding back tears, as I struggled to hold my own.

"Never... I promise... " I said, almost in a whisper.

He hugged me harder. And I hugged back.

We spent a little time sitting on the couch, then I read him a story called *The Fountain of Fair Fortune*, from the book *Tales of Beedle the Bard,* until he fell asleep.

I put him to bed, hoping he would stay there this time, covered him in warm blankets and kissed his forehead.

"Good night, my angel." I whispered lovingly, and went to my room, falling asleep thinking about the broken child I had under my care, and determined to pick up every piece and put it to back to it's place, until he is able to find true happiness.

Chapter V - Tears and Realizations

[image]

Draco's POV

The next couple of weeks passed by quickly, Harry was slowly becoming more open about his feelings and past, but there was clearly still a long way ahead of us.

In the end of the first month, Harry and I were inseparable. He claimed that he didn't like Weasley, after he threw a hex at me because Harry was wearing green. Weasley had told me several times to watch my back and to never hurt Harry, and warned me that if I even in the slightest way tried to change him he would beat the hell out of me. Of course I didn't believe he would do that, he's too weak, plus, I would never try to manipulate a little kid, that would be beyond cruel, even more if that kid was my little angel.

Granger and I were polite towards each other, since she visited often to see Harry. He seemed to like her, but refused to talk to her if she was with Weasley, and didn't trust her not nearly as much as he trusts me. Once she asked me if she could take Harry with her to Hogsmeade, and as I was about to let her, Harry ran towards me, jumped on my lap and told me to not leave him, which made Granger half-smile at us and at how changed was our relationship, even if she was a little bit jealous that it wasn't her who Harry ran to every time he saw, and wasn't the one who he put his almost complete trust on.

"Harry, hurry up!" I shouted.

"Comin'" he shouted back.

Professor Slughorn had requested to see us today, after dinner,

saying he needed to talk to us, about, hopefully, any sign of progress on the potion that would bring Harry back to his normal age. Don't get me wrong, if it was for me, I would never change him back, I love having my cute little angel running around with his cute little face and his cute little smile. But I knew I couldn't be selfish like that. If I wasn't doing this for me, then I was doing it for Harry, and believe me when I say that at this point I would do anything for the little boy who had me wrapped around hid little finger and didn't even know.

He came out of his room wearing a Gryffindor robes that had been enchanted to fit him, and his hair was really really messy.

"What happened with your hair, angel?" I asked.

"The wobes got stuck in me head and it messed evewything up. I'm sowy." he said, looking at his feet.

"How did the robes get stuck? It's supposed to be dressed as... a jacket? Yes, that. Did you not unbutton it before putting it on?"

He shook his head.

"Well, next time remember to unbutton it first, okay?" I asked, while straightening his hair with my fingers, and he nodded.

Then, I picked him up and took him to Slughorn's office.

When we arrived, professor Slughorn invited us to come in, and we took a seat in front of his desk, Harry on my lap, as he refused to sit on a chair on his own.

"Hello there, boys." Slughorn greeted us with a warm smile.

"What did you want to talk to us about?" I asked, curious.

"It is confirmed that the potion will take five months to brew, but there is something else to it. The potion is meant to be given little by little to the person affected, that being Harry, - Harry, who was almost falling asleep in my shoulder by now, shot his head up and

looked at us, confused. -meaning he won't grow to his normal age only taking the potion once, but he will have to grow 2 to 3 years each time."

Harry was still staring at us confused, but I could feel he was really tired, as his eyes kept threatening to close.

"And when will the first time be, may I ask?"

"I was thinking today. It is already done, and the sooner he takes the potion, the sooner he will be able to change back."

I nodded, and he handed me the first potion.

"What's happening, Dwaco?" Harry asked, sleepishly.

"Don't worry about that, my little angel, it's okay, I'll explain it to you later, try and sleep for a little bit" I said, and he nodded in agreement and started drifting off to sleep.

When his breaths evened and turned into soft snores, professor looked at me, concerned.

"But there's one thing you should know, Mr. Malfoy."

I looked at him and he sighed, getting me worried.

"Unfortunately, When Harry gets back to the age of sixteen, there is a really remote chance he will be able to remember anything that happened while he was under the effects of the potion."

I stared at him in shock, my eyes almost begging him to tell me he was lying, and that I wouldn't lose my Harry when he gets back.

"W-what?" I asked, my voice cracking.

"I'm so sorry..." he said.

I excused myself, picked sleeping Harry up and walked away from the office, shoving the potion in my pocket.

When we arrived our quarters, I tucked Harry on his bed, leaving a kiss in his forehead and smiling sadly at him, letting a tear fall down my face, followed by others, and then I went to my room, deciding I would give him the potion next day.

As soon as the door closed, I fell on the floor sobbing uncontrollably. I couldn't take it, I couldn't loose Harry. He was my everything, he was my only chance to be actually happy for once, the one who made me wake up with a smile everyday. I won't be able to deal with the fact that the five months we spent and are going to spend together will be just thrown away like they were nothing. Why had life to be so cruel? What had I done so bad that I needed this kind of punishment?

I continued to sob, and my tears didn't seem to have an end.

Then, suddenly, I heard the door open, and when I turned around, I saw Harry looking at me, with worry clear in his shiny beautiful eyes. He walked towards me, kissed my tear-stained cheek and hugged me firmly. I began sobbing all over again, and Harry just held me in his tiny arms, casually leaving soft kisses on my face, not bothering to say a word.

And that's when it hit me. It was like I was stabbed right in the heart. The one thing I've been pushing away for so long, not wanting to admit it.

I was in love with Harry Potter.

Not sweet and loving five year old Harry.

But strong and perfectly broken sixteen year old Potter.

Chapter VI - Deal?

Draco's POV

I woke up at almost four a.m. cuddled to Harry on the floor, so I picked him up and went to put him back to his bed, but as soon as I reached his door he woke up.

"No..." he said, sleepishly. "I want to stay with you. You pwomised to nevew leave me, so I won't leave you eithew."

That brought the tears back to my eyes, but I quickly swallowed them. *If only he knew.*

I sighed, and returned to my room, laying Harry down beside me.

He immediately reached for me and took me in his little arms.

"Do you want to talk about it, Dway?" he asked softly.

I smiled at the nickname that he usually used on his stuffed dragon, but was now using for me.

"It's nothing, angel, don't worry." I said, kissing his head.

"I'm five, Dway, not stupid. I know something's wong, and I weally want to help you, but if you don't want to talk about it then you don't have to." he assured me, slightly hurt, sounding so much more mature than a five year old should sound like.

"I don't know if you'll understand, Harry." I told him gently.

"Let's do it like this. You tell me why you wewe upset, and then I-I tell you about t-the- " he sighed "the Dursleys. Deal?"

I was shocked. Would he really be willing to talk about the one thing that hurt him the most, just so he could know why I was crying and try to help?

"Deal... " I said, softly.

He looked at me in the eyes, before taking a deep breath and starting to talk.

"T-they did things to me. Bad things. Dudley, my cousin, would use me as his pewsonal punch bag, and he and his fwiends made fun of me and huwt me. Aunt Petunia would nevew huwt me physically, but she would oftenly say weally huwtful things, one of them being constantly calling me a-a f-fweak. She made me do the chowes and cook all t-the meals, and if I did something wong, that w-was when uncle V-Vewnom entewed. H-he would huwt me both physically and with wowds, and it was wowse than aunt Petunia and Dudley and his fwiends combined. If I was lucky enough he would end the huwting with leaving only a bruise in the awm ow something. But then t-thewe wewe times h-he d-didn't."

He was crying at this point, fighting to keep his voice steady so he could finish.

"Love, you don't have to continue. It's clearly bothering you." I said worriedly, struggling to keep my own tears from starting to fall again.

"N-no, I *need* to tell you, only then I can weally stawt moving on..." he said, crying.

I held him to my chest, and when he managed to regain his breath he continued.

"T-the wowst things usually happened when Dudley would blame me of things I didn't do, like bweaking glasses ow plates and eating food I wasn't supposed to eat. Sometimes uncle Vewnom would just punch me wepeatedly and then lock me in the cupboawd and leave me thewe for days, not bothewing to feed me. But when I was to be punished in his bad days, he wouldn't leave it at that. H-he would p-punch me until he bwoke something, c-cut me, a-as you already saw, and s-scream at me, telling me h-how much o-of a f-fweak and how unwowthy I was. Then he w-would punch and c-cut and scream wepeatedly until I b-blacked out. Aftew that I would always w-wake up locked in the c-cupboawd, weak and s-stawving, and I

wasn't allowed out fow weeks sometimes, only p-pwovided with a tiny bottle of old watew f-fow t-the w-whole t-time I-I was t-thewe." then he hugged me and rivers of tears fell from his face, and he was desperately trying to stop them.

I shushed him gently, rubbing his back, and I noticed I was crying myself. I just couldn't believe how some filthy muggles could to that to a poor child.

"I've got you, my little angel... you're safe now, with me, I promise..." I whispered to him.

After few minutes, we both stopped crying, and Harry broke away from the hug and looked at me in the eyes, pleading for me to tell him what was going on with me.

I sighed then started.

"One month and one week ago, there was an accident on the potions class."

"Wasn't that the time I fiwst met you"

"Yes, it was. Anyway, there was this accident, and you were involved."

"Me?" he asked, surprised. "How was I involved?2

"Not *you* you. It was sixteen year old you." I said, and his eyes widened.

"S-sixteen? How?"

"Because you are not supposed to be five years old now, you are supposed to be my age, sixteen." I explained and he nodded, still confused, but not asking questions and letting me continue. "As I was saying, we were in potions, and we got paired together to brew a ageing potion, a potion that would make us look older. But something went wrong with it, and Lon-Neville, a friend of yours, being the clumsy teenager he is, slipped in some old potion on the floor, flying directly against our poorly-brewed potion. That caused the potion to spill over you, and, as it was not brewed correctly, it

had the opposite effect, causing you to turn into a five year old. The antidote is being brewed in parts, which will make you age two to three years each time. And I have to give you one soon."

He was out of words. He only looked at me, trying to sink in what I had just told him. Then he nodded.

"Do you have the fiwst one with you?" he asked, not breaking eye contact.

I nodded.

"Then let's get it ovew with, so you don't have to be upset anymowe." he said giving me a little reassuring smile.

I picked up the small bottle in my robes' pocket and opened it.

"Are you sure?" I asked him.

He was obviously nervous about what would happen, but he only nodded and opened his mouth.

I poured the liquid into his mouth, and then, slowly, five year old tiny Harry was replaced with a seven year old slightly bigger Harry.

He gave me a weak smile, then reached me and hugged my tightly.

"I love you, Draco." he told me softly, yet, tired.

I layed us back in my bed, and hugged him close.

"I love you too, my Harry." I said, smiling.

You have no idea how much.

Chapter VII - Such a Slytherin!

Draco's POV

The next day was a school day, but we overslept, being woken up by professor Dumbledore.

"May I ask why are you two not in class?" he asked, sounding slightly angry.

"We.. I-" I started, but was interrupted.

"I-I'm s-sorry, professor" he fake coughed "I'm not feeling really well and Dray offered to stay with me until I got better." He said, fake coughing again.

How isn't he a Slytherin? Because he certainly acts like one. I thought, grinning to myself.

"Is it true, Mr. Malfoy?"

I nodded.

"Very well, in that case I will let you have the day off, do you want me to call Madam Pomfrey?" he asked.

"There's no need for that professor, we already have the necessary medicine right here." I said, playing along with Harry.

"Then I shall leave you to rest." Dumbledore said, walking away from our quarters.

As soon as the door was closed, Harry started laughing, and I laughed with him.

"Merlin, Harry, how did you come up with that out of nowhere?" I asked him, still laughing.

"I just figured, that after yesterday, none of us would be in the

mood to even get out of these quarters." he explained, regaining his breath.

"Very well played, my angel!" I told him, making him smile.

Seven year old Harry certainly looked healthier and happier, and I wondered if it was in any way influenced by my way of taking care of him.

"Let's bake a cake!" he said, excited.

"Why a cake?" I asked, confused.

"'Cause I know you love to eat all the leftovers of the dough, and because we could do it together!"

I blushed at that.

"I do not!"

"Yes you do! I've seen you!" he said laughing.

I rolled my eyes and looked at him, then grinned and launched myself at him, tickling him mercilessly.

"S-s-stooooop! N-nooo! Aaaaaaaaah!" he kept saying, out of breath. "D-Draaaaaaaaaay! Pleaaaaaase!"

"Why should I stop?" I asked, still tickling him.

"B-because i-if you don't then I'll steal all the dough and eat it myself!" he threatened, making me stop.

"That's not fair!" I exclaimed.

"Life isn't fair!" he said, straightening him clothes and hair.

He kissed my cheek gently, then got out of bed and entered the bathroom to brush his teeth and get dressed.

I smiled at the small gesture, and got up to start preparing the ingredients for the cake. I decided on baking a chocolate chip one, as it was Harry's favourite of all the ones I've done before.

As I was finishing getting the ingredients together, I saw Harry walking into the kitchen, wearing a green sweater and black jeans. I smiled at the combination.

"Wow, angel, you look amazing!" I told him.

"Thank you, I really like green, your bedroom if by far nicer than mine, I don't really like red anymore." he said, and I grinned to myself. *Oh, if Weasley heard him I would be doomed!*

"I think you look beautiful in green." I said, smiling at him, and he blushed. "Now come on, let's get baking!"

He picked up a small chair, settled it next to me and climbed it, so he could be taller.

As we were finishing the dough, I caught Harry looking at me, deep in thought.

"Harry?"

"Hm?" he replied.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, nothing, nevermind." he said.

"Harry, please."

"I don't want to bring that subject up again."

"Is it about your family?"

He shook his head.

"Then what?" I asked, getting worried.

"It's about you. I know what you told me yesterday wasn't the reason you were crying. Five year old me believed it was, for some reason, but I don't. Could you tell me?"

"Maybe another time?" I said, softly, not looking him in the eye.

"Dray..."

"Please, angel, not now."

He nodded, his eyes filled with hurt.

"Harry, it's not that I don't want to tell you, I will, eventually. But I don't want to ruin our day..."

"It's fine, Dray." he said, kissing my cheek gently.

I smiled at him and we finished our dough. We put it on a cake pan, and with a flick of my wand, it was ready to be eaten.

We ate the dough that was left, then sat in the living room, eating our cake.

"It's delicious!" Harry said, humming while taking a bite at his slice.

"It sure is!" I chuckled. "You helped, so it would be delicious with no doubt."

He smiled at me.

When we were finishing eating our slices, the door of our quarters opened, revealing a really concerned Granger.

She then looked at us and gave us a confused look.

"I'm sick." Harry said, fake coughing.

"Of course you are." she said, obviously not buying it, shacking her head in disapproval. "You can't be skipping classes because you feel like it, both of you!"

"Look, Granger, we barely slept last night, so, when Dumbledore came in, I told Harry to pretend being sick so we could rest."

"Why would you do that, Malfoy?! Are you insane? You're turning Harry into you!"

"Dray's lying!" I turned to him, alarmed. "It was completely my idea and I'm sorry. I had a really bad nightmare so Dray spent the rest of

the night trying to calm me down." Harry lied, again. *Damn, he is such a Slytherin!*

"A nightmare?" she asked me, and I nodded. "Ow, poor darling!"

She sighed then came to sit next to us, and caressed Harry's cheek, making me slightly jealous.

"Do you want a slice of the cake? It's delicious!" Harry asked her, and she accepted.

We spent the morning together since she had a free period until lunch, she handed me her notes so I could catch up on what we had learnt, and I explained her the situation that Harry was on, and that he needed to take one potion at a time.

Then, when lunch time came, she left, but not before giving Harry hug.

When the door closed, I got up and cooked us some mashed potatoes with steak, obviously, all done with magic, and we ate and talked about everything and nothing.

When we finished lunch we spent the afternoon playing board games and playing with Harry's toys, then, after dinner, we fell asleep on the couch, Harry laying on top of me, and we slept peacefully, not bothering about anything that had happened the day before, and determined to make the most of our time together.

Chapter VIII - Do you trust me?

Draco's POV

The following two weeks were spent with going to classes, playing games and discovering more about each other, and suddenly, it was time for Harry to take the next potion, the one that would turn him into a ten year old boy.

As this potion was going to be the strongest one, making him grow three years, professor Slughorn advised me to mix in a sleeping draught, so Harry could grow in his sleep, making the procedures less intense.

I decided to give it to him after dinner, that way, he could sleep the rest of the night, letting the transformation proceed in it's own time.

I picked it up from Slughorn's office in the morning, and carried it in my pocket all day.

We ate dinner in the great hall, sitting in the corner of the Slytherin table, avoiding everyone else, as my *"friends"* were clearly not happy that I was acting nicely towards *the boy who lived*.

We finished eating, then headed to our quarters, Harry looking all jumpy and happy I have no idea why.

As we walked into our living room, I told Harry to seat beside, telling him I had to talk to him. His smile dropped at that, and he flinched, then came to me worriedly.

"Y-yes, Dray?" he asked softly. "Have I done something wrong?"

"No, my angel, not at all!" I reassured him, and he sat beside me, more relaxed, but still hesitant.

"Then what is it you want to tell me?"

"Harry, do you remember what I told you? About you having to take potions so you could return to the age of sixteen?" I asked him and he nodded. "Well, today you are to take another one, turning you into a ten year old boy!"

"Ten? Does that mean that I get to eat more candy and sleep later? And read the books you read, and do magic! And play chess and everything!" he said, excited, and I laughed.

"If that's what you want, then yes! Well, except for eating more candy, you eat enough already! And you'll not be going to sleep much later, you still need to rest." I told him and he nodded. "As for the magic part, you'll need to learn it first, you can't just do it. But I can teach you some easy spells if you'd like!" he smiled at me and kissed my cheek gently.

"Thank you, Dray! Give me the potion!" he said, opening his mouth for me to give him the potion.

"First I'm going to take you to your bed, as this potion will make you sleepy."

"Can't I go to your bed? I want to wake up next to you when I turn ten!" he said, smiling at me with pleading eyes.

"Fine." I told him, and picked him up, rushing to my bedroom.

As I entered my bedroom, I threw Harry to my bed, causing him to land with a huff, and he giggled at me, grabbing my hand and pushing me into bed with him. Then, I covered us with my blanket and I picked the potion. He opened his mouth again and I poured the potion there.

He made a disgusted face and threw his tongue out.

"It tastes awful, Dray! Bleh!" he said, repulsed, and I laughed at him.

A few minutes after he was yawning and fighting to keep his eyes open.

"Shh... my angel, just sleep..." I told him, quietly, and kissed his tiny

nose, causing him to giggle softly.

Then he was asleep, and I could see his features slowly changing, and his size aswell, making me fall asleep with a smile, curled up to my Harry.

I woke up the next day to see Harry smiling at me, watching me sleep, and I smiled at him lazily, and poked his nose softly.

"Good morning, Harry. How long have you been watching me?" I asked.

"'Morning! And not long, but you were so peaceful, I didn't want t wake you up. Plus, your arm is on top of me, so, even if I wanted to leave, I couldn't." he said, poking my nose in return and giggling. *Merlin, is it me or his giggle gets cuter each time he grows?*

"Fair enough. So, how does it feel to be ten?"

"Honestly? Weird. Really really weird. I feel heavier, and my voice's not so thin, and it-it feels weird."

I laughed at him.

"Don't laugh, it's not funny, Dray! It's not you who has to go through this!" he said, pouting.

I kissed his cheek and smiled at him.

"You're right, I'm sorry, Harry."

"Harry...? Why Harry? It's the second time... I'm supposed to be your angel, am I not anymore?" he said, looking hurt.

"Do you really want me to keep calling you angel?" I asked, lovingly, wanting him to say yes. I loved calling him that. "I just figured that you wouldn't want me calling you that anymore, now that you're older..."

"Well..." he said, quietly, not daring to look into my eyes. "just...

don't ever stop calling me that, please... it-it makes me feel warm... and safe and-and loved... " he said quietly. "I want to be your angel forever... it's silly, I know..."

That made my heart tremble, Merlin, how I love this kid.

"Oh, Harry... you'll always be my angel, I love you so, so much! And it's not silly, not at all! Even if I stoped calling you that, you'd never stop being my little angel." It reassured him. *How I wish that was true, in less than three months I will not be able to hold you nor call you mine anymore.* I though sadly.

We spent the day playing games like wizard chess, which Harry was delighted to have tried, and just sitting around.

We had finished with dinner we went to my room and sat on my bed. I was pretending to read a book while I thought about everything and Harry was looking at me, studying my face, a hesitant expression plastered on his.

"Hey, Dray..." he started. "I know it's probably not the best timing, but I can't keep worrying like that everyday." he took a deep breath, then looked at me straight on the eyes. "Dray, my Dray. I beg you... please, please tell me what's been bothering you, I really really need to know. I can handle it. Whatever it is, I swear to never ever leave your side, and never ever get mad at you. Dray, please, I love you so much, I just want you to trust me..."

"Angel..." I whispered, trying to break eye contact, but he held my face with both his hands, forcing me to look at him.

"Draco, please..."

It was heartbreaking to see him like that, so desperate to try and understand what's been going on with me.

"Harry, I don't know if I can..."

"Do you trust me?" he asked firmly, trying to keep his trembly voice steady and demanding.

"Of course I do... but-"

"No buts, prove it." he almost ordered.

I took a deep breath, looked at him, and mumbled.

"Ok..."

Chapter IX - I love you.

Draco's POV

--Last chapter--

"Do you trust me?" he asked firmly, trying to keep his trembly voice steady and demanding.

"Of course I do... but-"

"*No buts, prove it." he almost ordered.*

I took a deep breath, looked at him, and mumbled.

"Ok..."

I stayed silent for a few seconds, trying to figure out how was I going to explain to Harry that in three months he was probably going to forget everything?

"Dray? Are you ok?" he asked, concerned. *I must have zoned out.*

I nodded, then took a deep breath. There was no point in trying to find the right way to say it: there *wasn't* a right way to say it at all.

"When you are sixteen years old, you and I are not friends, Harry." I said, and his eyes widened.

"What? Why?" he asked confused.

"Well, sixteen year old you hates me, and he has reasons to do so, since I did not treat him nor his friends well."

"You mean Hermione?"

"And Wea-Ron."

"I'm not his friend, he is mean to you!"

"Actually, angel, he is you best friend. And sixteen year old you does not treat me differently than he does."

"W-what?" he asked, shocked. "Y-you mean... I-I'm so sorry, Dray!" his eyes began watering. "D-did I ever hurt you? Like Ron does?"

My mind flashed to the Sectumsempra incident a few weeks before Harry turned into a five year old.

"D-don't worry about that, Harry."

"I did, didn't I?" he asked softly, tears falling from his eyes. "I'm so so sorry, Dray... so sorry..."

"It's fine, I deserved it. You were just protecting yourself, there's no need to worry. And I've hurt you badly aswell, so please, please, don't feel bad about it." I told him calmly.

"No one deserves to get hurt, Dray... I just can't believe I would actually *do* to someone what *they* did to me..."

"No no, angel, don't compare yourself to *them*, ok? You're *so* much better than them!"

He nodded slowly, wiping his tears with his sleeve.

"Continue..." he said.

"Anyway, we do not get along. Everybody knows that. We duel, we insult each other, and we spend most of our time in detention because of that."

"But that's never going to be like that anymore, I know real you now, and when I turn sixteen again, we could be friends!"

"Oh, my Harry, if it was like that I wouldn't be upset."

- Then why are you? - he asked, worried

"Because, when you do turn back to sixteen, t-there's a very very

little chance t-that you will actually r-rem..." I started crying, I couldn't take it. I can't lose Harry. I just can't. I won't be able to live with myself if I do.

"Dray..." he hugged me tight and kissed my cheeks. "I didn't understand the last part... could you... hm... repeat, please?" he asked softly, and I nodded.

"Y-you w-won't remember, Harry... anything, at all... and I will loose you, I just know it... we hate each other! That's just how it is! Why did I choose to take care of you in the first place? To get hurt? Because it seems like that's exactly what's going to happen!"

Harry's POV

He was almost shouting his lungs out at this point, and his tears didn't stop, it was almost as if they were endless. I was hurt because he was obviously regretting taking care of me in the first place, but I kept it in, and I simply launched myself at him and held him.

He had done so much for me, I didn't want to loose him, and he clearly didn't want to loose me too.

"Dray... we'll find a solution... I'll never leave you, I love you, please, stop crying... Dray, look at me..."

When he lifted his head to look at me, my heart broke. He was a mess, hurt, sad, angry, all at the same time. I rested my forehead against his, and kissed his nose, like he did to me when I was upset.

"I wish it was true, Harry... I wish there was a way to not loose you, but there isn't... it's as simple as that. And when the time comes, we will go on our separate ways and not look back. Because that's how it is..."

"It doesn't have to be like that, Draco! It really doesn't! We-we could try! I'm sure sixteen year old me would give you a chance! You just have to show *him* what you showed *me*! Dray, I love you! You are the closest thing I've ever had to a real family. And it couldn't be more perfect! I would *never* ever wish for more! So please, for once,

think about yourself, think about what would make *you* happy, not *me*... please, Dray!"

"I-I..."

"What do *you* want?"

"I-I don't know..." he said, quietly.

"Everybody wants something, *my* Dray... what is it that *you* want?" I asked, almost in a whisper, as I kissed his tear-stained cheeks softly. "what does your heart secretly crave for?"

Draco's POV

You. I wanted to say. *You are my heart's deepest desire.* But I couldn't

I only want you. Nothing else. Take away everything from me. I'll be fine. As long as you love me. My heart was screaming at this point. But I stayed quiet. I couldn't just say that to a ten year old. I wanted *real* Harry to hear it.

Tell me you love me. Turn back to yourself right now and kiss me, tell me you want me too. Tell me you'll never leave me. But mean it. Tell me you'll stay by my side. Tell me you will make me happy. Make me smile.

My vision was getting blurry.

Because it doesn't matter who you are. I don't care where your from. I'll forget what you did. As long as you love me.

"Dray? DRAY!"

Harry?

I need you can't you see? I've needed you for so long, Harry. My Harry. Mine. But not forever mine. Temporarily mine. Until you turn back to yourself.

STOP!

Until you turn back to the Harry whose lips I crave. The Harry who looks like an angel when he walks, talks, flies and in everything he does. Not my angel. But the angel I want to be mine.

STOP!

"DRACO! PLEASE! WAKE UP!"

Harry!

Because this angel I already have. But just temporarily. Temporarily mine.

STOP!

And I'll wait. I'll wait forever. I'll be patient. Because I love you.

STOP!

I love you.

STOP!

I love you.

STOP!

I love you.

STOP!

"DRAAAACOOOOOO PLEAAASE, JUST WAKE UP!"

"Mr. Potter stand back."

"NOOOOO!"

I love you.

"He seems to be having a panic attack!"

"Do you know what happened, Mr. Potter?"

"PLEASE! PLEASE JUST LET ME SEE HIM!"

I love you.

"His breathing in unstable."

"IT'S ALL MY FAULT! I'M SO SORRY!"

I love you.

"Take him to the hospital wig."

"DRAAYYY! NOO! DON'T TAKE HIM AWAY FROM ME! YOU CAN'T DO THAT! DRACOOoo..."

So much.

And then I only saw black.

Chapter X - You promised...

A/N - I'm sorry for Harry's language in this chapter, I needed him to be really really angry.

Harry's POV

I woke up sleeping on a couch in the waiting room from the hospital wing. My head was hurting for all the screaming and crying from last night, and I thought I was going to fall when I stood up.

I made my way to the doors os the infirmary, but was stopped when professor Dumbledore stood in front of me, arms crossed.

"And where do you think you're going, little one?" he asked me.

"Hm.. to see Draco." I told him.

"No one's allowed there yet."

"Could you at least tell me what's wrong with him?" I asked, using the puppy eyes card that Draco fell for every time I did.

Dumbledore sighed, then sat on the couch, patting the sit next to him.

"Look, Harry. Mr. Malfoy is going to be ok. He had some... hmm.. grown people issues that you wouldn't understand. He is hmmm..."

"Quit the bullshit, professor!" I snapped. I never swore, but I just hate when people treat me as a baby.

"Mr. Potter! Language! Will you behave?"

"No, I won't behave! I can't sit around doing nothing when the only person I ever cared about is in that room, in Merlin knows what state, hurting! I won't stay quiet! And I demand answers!"

Dumbledore gasped. I was standing up in the couch by now.

"What. Is. Wrong. With. Draco?!" I snapped.

"Mr. Potter! You-"

"Won't understand? I'm not a freaking baby! Try me!" I almost shouted.

"I'm not sure I'm the right person to tell you what's wrong with Mr. Malfoy, Harry."

"So you don't know?! Are you kidding? Can't you find out? HE COULD BE DYING FOR ALL WE KNOW!"

"Mr. Potter!" he shouted, standing up.

"Mr. *Dumbledore*!" I shouted back.

"Enough! You'll come with me!"

"Like hell I will." I said, sitting down.

As Dumbledore was getting ready to scream at me again, the door shot open, revelling Madam Pomfrey.

"He's stable." she said, and my eyes shined. "You may see go see him, but he won't wake up for a while, it could take minutes, it could take weeks." I nodded, then rushed inside.

I walked past the beds, trying to find the one that had Draco on it.

And then I found him, laying down, with a beeping machine beside him, looking so peaceful, yet, so broken.

I grabbed a chair and settled it next to his bed, then sat up, watching Draco's chest rising and falling.

I gabbed his cool hand and cupped it inside both my warm hands, trying to put him warmer aswell.

"I'm so sorry, Dray..." I whispered, so only he could have heard. "You have no idea how sorry I am... Merlin, I'm a fool... such a

fool... I shouldn't have brought the subject up, I knew I shouldn't, but I did anyway... I'm so so selfish! And I'm so so sorry..." tears were falling down my face, landing on Draco's hand, and I followed them with my eyes as they left tracks everywhere they passed.

"I love you so much Dray..."

"Harry?" I heard someone calling. It was a girl, but I couldn't bring myself to guess who nor turning around. "Oh, Harry..." Hermione. It's her. I'm sure of it. As I felt her wrap her arms around me, I started crying harder, and she stayed there, holding me, whispering reassuring words in my ear, such as "It's okay" or "He's going to be fine" and "Don't worry".

When I calmed down I broke the hug and turned to Draco again, caressing his cheek softly, but never letting his hand go.

"Thank you, 'Mione..." I whispered.

"It's fine, Harry, you don't need to thank me." she said, smiling warmly.

I tried to smile back, but it came out as a sad and broken smile, and I looked down.

"Mr. Potter, Miss Granger is going to take care of you while Mr. Malfoy can't, she'll stay in your quarters with you so she can look after you, is it okay?" Madam Pomfrey asked, and I nodded.

"Very well. You can stay here for another ten minutes, but not more than that, I still need to run some tests." she said, and we nodded.

"Madam Pomfrey, when will he wake up?" I asked.

"I'm afraid I can't answer that, only time will tell." she replied.

"I-is there any chance t-that he-he - I took a deep breath." t-that he w-won't be able to m-make i-it?

Hermione gasped.

"I can't tell, Mr. Potter. He is stable now. But if his body refuses to

wake up, then he won't."

I nodded.

"Let's go, 'Mione, we will come back later." I said, quietly.

"Sure, Harry." she said, and tried to pick me up.

"Wait!" I said, as I turned to Draco again, and kissed his cheek and his hand. "I love you Dray... and if you can hear me, please, I beg you, don't leave me... you promised, remember? Rest well, love you." I said and kissing his forehead, then left.

Hermione's POV

Three weeks had passed, and today was the day Harry needed to take the next potion, and grow to the age of twelve.

Everyday that passed and Malfoy hadn't woken up, he got more depressed. He sees him every single day, no exceptions, stays there while I go to classes and every spare time ha manages to find.

He doesn't sleep, barely eats, and doesn't talk to anyone, unless when he is with Draco, never losing hope that he is hearing him.

I can't stand to see him like that. He doesn't even cry anymore, he's numb, emotionless. Doesn't smile, doesn't flinch, doesn't show any kind of emotions... he's just... empty.

Doesn't even look like himself anymore.

I was in my room reading in my quarters when the time I had to give the potion to Harry arrived.

I got up from bed and entered Malfoy's room, as Harry stayed there, refusing to sleep in his own bedroom, and saw Harry curled up to a green Slytherin sweatshirt, sad expression in his face. I gave him a small reassuring smile and sat next to him.

"Hey, Harry..." I started, he didn't move. "Today you have to take

the potion, you know? Can I give it to you so you can rest for a little bit?" I asked, softly.

"No." he simply said, almost inaudibly.

"Harry..."

"No. I'm not taking the potion without Draco." he whispered, curling up deeper with the sweatshirt. "I-I can't, 'Mione. I just can't."

My heart hurt to see him like that.

"Harry, you know you have to, you know that's what Draco would have wanted you to do." I told him softly.

"No, it wouldn't. It was probably what he would *say*, but not what he *wanted*. I know him. I know he would want me to wait and take the potion *with* him, *beside* him, so he could be the first one to hold me in a new phase in this rushed life I'm living right now... he's already lost one phase, I won't let him loose another..." he said, still quietly.

"What about we go to the hospital wing, and then you could take the potion right there, beside him. And he could be the first one you hug and talk to, because I'm sure he can hear you. I'm sure he can sense what's happening around him, and he's fighting to open his eyes. Can we do that?"

He slowly nodded.

I picked him up and headed to the hospital wing.

Chapter XI - Dray?

Harry's POV

Hermione carried me to the hospital wing, and we had to sneak in as it was already past curfew. I'm really grateful to her for looking after me those three weeks, I know I have not been really easy to deal with.

As we entered the hospital wing I jumped from Hermione's arms and ran to Draco, going to sit on the chair next to him no one dared to move after I snapped at Dumbledore, again, for trying to take it away. I really don't like Dumbledore, if I may add, but Hermione says sixteen year old me is really fond of him.

I'm actually starting to think sixteen year old me has serious issues. I mean, liking Ron and Dumbledore? Come on? Really? There are so many better people!

I sat on the chair, careful to not make to much noise, and Hermione stood by the door, to give me some privacy to talk with Draco. I searched for his hand under his covers, and when I finally found it, I squeezed it and brought it to my lips, so I could leave a soft kiss on it.

"Hey Dray... today is the day, you know? I'll turn twelve. Only two months left and I'm back to being sixteen! I talked to professor Slughorn, and asked him about the memories thing. He told me he was working on increasing the chances I remember! It will be a very little chance, but it's still there! He told me he had already informed you of that, maybe you didn't hear him? Or maybe I didn't hear you. But nevermind, I really wanted you to hold me as I took the potion, as you always do! Please, Dray, I know you can fight it! You can! I know you can open your eyes, you just have to try harder!" I sighed. "please..." I let a single tear roll from my eyes. I haven't cried for weeks.

I saw the tear fall and land in Draco's hand, and then, I felt a slight

squeeze coming from it. My eyes lightened up, and I squeezed back, hard.

"Dray?" I whispered, shocked.

Draco's POV

"Dray?" I heard.

Harry? Sweet Merlin, Harry! I'm here, I'm here, my angel!

"Fight it, Dray!"

I'm fighting Harry, I am! Hold on!

I squeezed his hand harder, using all the strength I could manage to gather.

Suddenly, I saw a really intense green covering my black vision, and I managed to open my eyes.

Then I saw it, the source of the beautiful light. Harry! My Harry!

"H-Harry?" I managed to say, really softly.

"Dray..." he replied, softly aswell, and I saw tears in his eyes, and a bright smile in his face. "Dray!" he giggled. "I-I can't believe it! Oh, Merlin, Dray! I've missed you so much! You have no idea!" he giggled again. "H-hi!"

"Hi" I said softly, giving him a small smile.

He was now crying and laughing at the same time, as if he was going through a rollercoaster of emotions.

"Could you hear me, Dray? All those time I came to you, could you?" he asked, excited.

"Hear you? When?" I asked confused.

"So you didn't hear... it's fine, I guess. Madam Pomfrey said that you

should have been able to hear. Guess she was wrong."

"Did you say anything you wanted me to know?" I asked.

"Not really. Oh! There's something you should know! I talked to professor Slughorn yesterday, and he told me he was working on increasing the chances for me to remember this! Of course, it will keep being small, but at least there's hope!"

I smiled at him, and he was smiling at me. Then he threw his arms around me and started crying, hard. And I cried with him, holding him like my life depended on it.

"I love you Dray, so so much!"

"I love you too my Harry..."

"Now I can take the potion!" he said.

"Wait, what? What potion? Is-Is it been three weeks already?" I asked, shocked.

He nodded.

"Oh, Merlin! I lost an entire phase! Why didn't I wake up earlier..."

"It's not your fault, Dray... It's mine... I shouldn't have brought that subject up, I'm sorry..." he said, looking down.

"No, it's not! You had the right to know, my angel. You did the right thing."

Then I heard footsteps approaching us, and a feminine voice.

"Harry, dear, it's time to take the potion, I know you don't want to do it without Draco, but you have to, he-" she stopped. "M-Malfoy? You-you... How?"

"No idea, Granger." I said.

"He's woken up, 'Mione! See? It's real!" Harry said, happily.

"I suppose you want to give the potion to the little one, don't you?"

she asked, with a smile on her face.

"Yes, Dray! Take it and give it to me! I'll be twelve!" he said, smiling.

"Ok, ok!" I said, grabbing he potion from Granger's hand.

When I opened it, Harry had already his mouth hanging open, and was sitting beside me in the bed.

I sat up, wincing at the movement, and caressed Harry's cheek.

"I love you, my little angel."

"I love you too, Dray." he said.

Then I leaned forward and poured the potion into his mouth.

He made the usual disgusted expression, put his tongue out, then smiled softly at me.

"I put a sleeping draught in it, he hasn't had a proper sleep since you got here." Granger said, quietly, and I nodded.

I kissed Harry's forehead and then he was sleeping in my arms.

I looked up and saw Granger smile at us.

"What is it?" I asked her.

"It's just- well, he's happy, you know, with you. Look, Malfoy, I want you to know what happened this past few weeks. Harry's not okay. At all".

"W-what happened to him?" I said, worried.

She sighed.

"He didn't eat, didn't sleep, didn't talk to anyone if it wasn't about you or if it wasn't you, and he spent all the time or here, or locked in his-your bedroom. The few times he did sleep were the times he curled up to something of yours, and let himself pretend it was you. Never left his stuffed dragon, that he called Dray, I don't know if it

is actually what he named it of if it was because he was pretending that it was you. But really, he needs you, badly."

"Don't worry, G-Hermione," she looked shocked at that. "I promise you to take good care of him, and I won't leave his side, not again. Well, at least not until he forgets everything..." I whispered the last part.

"Oh, M-Draco... I'm sure he will remember, and if he doesn't, then I'll help you have him back! The way he smiles when your name if mentioned or when he sees you is heart-warming, and I wouldn't take that away from you even if I wanted to."

"Thank you, Hermione, so much. I'm sorry for everything I've done to you the past years... truce?" I said, offering her my hand to shake.

"Truce." she replied, shaking my hand.

We smiled at each other and then she went to call Madam Pomfrey, leaving me with my sleeping angel in my arms, who I felt getting heavier.

After Madam Pomfrey ran a few tests on me, she told me that I was okay, and that I could be expecting to be released soon.

I smiled at that, and watched as Harry slowly grew into a beautiful twelve year old boy in my arms.

Chapter XII - Oh, Merlin...

Draco's POV

A week after I woke up I was released from the hospital wing. Madam Pomfrey told me to avoid stress and stay away from situations that could bring me too many emotions. I was told I had serious anxiety problems, and the panic attack I had could have been fatal if Harry didn't scream his lungs out and nobody came to rescue.

Speaking of Harry, he spent everyday sitting my hospital bed next to me and talking about his experience of being a ten year old, and filling me on everything I had missed. He slept there with me, after shouting angrily at Dumbledore for trying to take him to his quarters, and he glared at anyone who even dared to suggest him to leave.

I was not to go to classes for another week as I was released, and I spent that week with Harry in our quarters, playing games and just hanging around, since I was advised to not leave and to rest.

As he was twelve years old, he was already allowed to do magic, and I taught him some basic spells like *Lumos* and *Wingardium Leviosa*.

He treated me like I was dangerously sick the whole time, cooking me soup and covering me in blankets every time he thought I shivered in the slightest way. He constantly made me tea, kissed my face and cuddled with me. And I didn't mind at all, even though it was obviously exaggerated.

It was now my last day of "home" rest, and the next day I would start attending to classes again.

"Hey, Dray! I was thinking, maybe we could walk outside for a little while, I'm pretty sure we could both use some fresh air, don't you think?" ha asked, as he was washing the dishes from our lunch,

because he was too stubborn to let me wash them.

"I suppose, but we can't be long, I have a meeting with professor Slughorn in the afternoon."

"I know, and the meeting's at five, we have *plenty* of time. Plus, it's a beautiful day outside, it would be a waste to spend it locked in here." he said, matter-of-factly.

"Fine." I said. "And *how* did you know I had a meeting?"

"*Because* I'm keeping track of your schedule so you don't have to stress about it. Now up! Off we go!"

Stubborn boy! I told him he didn't need to!

"Ugh, you can't leave anything to me, can you?"

"Nop!" he said, popping the *p*.

I shook my head then got up, grabbed my robes and put them on.

"Ready, angel?"

"I've been ready for half an' hour now. Come!" he said, while he ran to open the door for me.

"Such a gentlemen!" I said, in a mocking tone.

- Always! - he replied, with a sophisticated tone, then he bowed at me and we started laughing.

Then we left the quarters and headed outside.

Harry was right when he said it was a beautiful day outside.

We spent the afternoon walking around to nowhere in particular and I even let Harry try and use a broom, and, of course, he nailed it without even getting instructions on what he was supposed to do. He's the quidditch *youngest seeker in a century* for a reason, right?

After spending hours flying and walking around, it was time for me to go to Slughorn's meeting.

"Hey, Harry! Come down, we need to go!" I shouted. He was in his broom flying around when he saw me gesturing for him to come down and he flew to the ground.

"That is *the* best thing I've ever done! It was amazing Dray! How could you not have told me about this before!" he said, excited. His cheeks were flushed and his hair was messy from the wind, and he looked adorable.

"I'm sorry you were not old enough a week ago!"

"You told me you used to fly before coming to Hogwarts! So that's not an excuse!" he said, faking a pout, and I threw my tongue out at him. He made a shocked expression before we both started laughing our lungs out.

After we regained our breaths, he threw himself at me and hugged me strongly.

"Ugh, Harryyyy! I'm going to be late for the meeting!" I groaned.

"Bugger. Who cares?" he simply said, as if it was nothing.

"*I* do." I told him while breaking the hug and grabbing our brooms.

"No fun." he pouted. "You're such a party pooper!"

"Oh, am I, now? If I am right, this meeting is about *you*, young boy! If *you* had brewed the potion correctly *I* wouldn't *have* to go to the meeting, because there would be *no* meeting."

"Hey! That's unfair! I'm *not* responsible for what my *sixteen-year-old self* does! It's not *my* fault, it's *his."*

"You are making no sense at all, did you notice?" I asked.

"You are the one who's not getting what I'm saying." he replied.

Merlin, the boy surely knows how to mess with someones mind!

Soon we arrived professor Slughorn's office, and sat in separate chairs, much to Harry's disappointment.

"Good afternoon, boys. Harry, dear, how have you been doing?"

"Meh." he said.

"*Meh*? Why *meh*? You've been just *fine*." I replied.

"Yeah sure sure."

"He's in a very *annoying* phase of his life when he thinks *sass* is the best way to do *anything*, professor." I explained.

Harry turned to me concerned.

"I'm sorry Dray, I didn't know I was annoying you." he said, looking down. "I'll stop."

"No no, Harry, I was being sarcastic! You're not annoying me, my angel. You're a kid, you need to explore other ways of behaving. Plus, you've been an absolute saint for the past two months, you behave well way *too* much." I told him, while caressing his cheek gently and he smiled at me.

"Mr. Malfoy, do *not* encourage the young boy to misbehave! And as touching as that little talk has been, we have more important matters to discuss. Mr. Potter, would you please do me the favour of waiting outside the door? I need to talk to Mr. Malfoy in private." said professor Slughorn.

"Sure!" Harry said. He got up, kissed my cheek and left the room, leaving me alone with the professor.

"Hmm... what is it that you wanted to talk with me about, sir?" I asked him.

"Well, as you know, there's only two more weeks left until you have to give Mr. Potter the potion that will turn him fourteen, right?" I nodded. "Well, I believe you are aware of what happens to a young

boy between the age of thirteen, fourteen and fifteen?"

He couldn't be talking about- no.

"Hmm... n-no?"

"Puberty, Mr. Malfoy. Puberty."

"Oh, Merlin..." I mumbled.

"You know, hormonal and physical changes, curiosities and desires related to s-"

"Yes, yes I *know*, you don't need to tell me specifics I'm *fully* aware." I told him before he could finish. It was by far the most embarrassing meeting I've ever had.

I'm going to have to deal with a horny Harry. What. Have. I. Gotten. Myself. Into?!

"Well, I just wanted to warn you about that, so you could be prepared for those changes."

I nodded, then said my goodbyes and walked out that door, grabbed Harry and marched into our quarters.

As soon as we entered I launched myself in the couch and huffed.

"What happened, Dray?" Harry asked.

"Oh, nothing, don't worry angel!"

He nodded then walked to the couch and layed there with me, cuddled.

Oh, Merlin... how am I going to deal with fourteen year old dirty minded Harry?

Chapter XIII - Where it all began

Harry's POV

We fell asleep cuddled in the couch without even noticing, and the next day I woke up with a groan. Merlin, my back's so sore!

"Ugh!" I heard from behind me, and I figured Dray's with the same problem.

"Uuuugh! Why did we have to fall asleep in the *couch*? Couldn't we at least have moved to the bed?" he said to himself, annoyed, and I chuckled and turned around to face him.

"Good morning to you too! Someone's extra grumpy today." I mocked and giggled.

"Don't you laugh at me! I'm serious! I might die of pain!"

"Drama queen! I'm hungry. And today's our first day in school again!" I said excited.

"It's my first day back at school, not yours, you're just going to sit beside me doing nothing!"

"No I'm not! I'm going to pay attention. We start with charms, and I love charms. Then we have Herbology, where I probably won't pay attention, I don't like it. Then we have lunch, then double History of Magic, which is quite interesting."

"Didn't we have double potions?" he asked, confused.

"We did, but it was changed, so it didn't have to be three days in a row. Now the class you were supposed to have today will be in friday, instead History of Magic." I explained.

"Ok, makes sense." he said. "Anything else?"

"Not that I remember."

"Fine. Now get up, I have to shower then make breakfast so we can leave."

"Don't worry about breakfast, I've got it covered. Go and take a long nice shower and I'll deal with breakfast."

"Harry, I can't have you cooking more! You've already done enough for me for the past week!" he pointed out.

"I do it because I want to, Dray. And I wouldn't change what I did for you for nothing. Now get up and go take that shower!"

"Ugh, fine!" he groaned, getting up. "But I won't have you doing that many times, okay?"

"Yes, yes. Now go!" I said.

When he faded from view I entered the kitchen and started preparing breakfast. I made us some pancakes with chocolate chips, and spilled chocolate syrup over them.

A few minutes later Draco entered the kitchen and smiled at me.

"Hmm! What is that delicious smell, angel?"

"Pancakes!" I replied. "With chocolate chips and chocolate syrup, since you are a chocolate addict!"

"I am not!" he claimed, faking shock.

"Oh, but you are indeed!" I chuckled, and he burst out laughing.

After we both calmed down we took the pancakes and plates to the dinning room and served ourselves.

Dray took a bite and hummed. "Merlin, Harry! Those are delicious!"

"Only the best for the best, right?"

"Ow, you're so adorable!" he said, while ruffling my hair.

We finished eating the pancakes, washed the dishes together, since Draco wouldn't let me wash them alone, and then we headed to charms.

Draco's POV

Charms was pretty exciting actually. We demonstrated our progresses in the engorgement charm, and, to everyones surprise, Harry managed to do it better than many people in class. He knew how to do it almost perfectly since he was the one who taught me.

That, of course, caused almost the whole class to look at us in shock, Hermione being the only exception, looking at Harry with pride, and professor Flitwick to be delighted with the capacities of the little boy.

Then, when lunch time arrived, the word had spread that the twelve year old *Boy Who Lived* had aced charms.

Harry and I sat at the Gryffindor table, next to Hermione and Weasley, much to mine and Harry's discomfort, but we decided to ignore him.

"You are such a clever little wizard, Harry! I'm soooo proud!" Hermione said, while pinching Harry's cheeks hard, causing him to send me a look begging for help, but I shock my head and mouthed for him to deal with it. That earned me a glare and then he threw himself of Hermione and fell to the floor.

"Harry!" I shouted, running around the table to get him. The Great Hall had their eyes in us, but I ignored it as I kneeled next to Harry picking him up.

"Are you ok, angel?" I asked. Weasley and many more people gasped at the nickname, and I felt Hermione grin from behind us, but I ignored.

"Dunno. Head hurts." he replied, wincing.

"Oh, Harry, you need to be more careful! You could have broken

something!" I advised him, and kissed his cheek softly, which earned even more gasps from everyone.

"It's okay, Dray." he smiled at me, then kissed my nose in return, which earned even more gasps.

I turned to the people around us. "Stop gasping! Don't you have anything better to do with your poor excuses of a life?" I shouted. I was getting really annoyed from the constant stares and gasps when people saw us.

"Dray... don't be mean... let's just leave." he said softly.

"I'm sorry, my angel. It's just really annoying that we can't be left alone, you know?"

"Yeah, I know." he said, giving me a soft smile, then opening his arms for me to lift him.

I picked him up and headed to our quarters, ignoring the stares and sneers.

The rest of the week passed by quickly, and when we knew it was weekend. More precisely, Hogsmeade weekend, and I decided to take Harry there, since we've never gone to Hogsmeade together.

I showed him to the school supplies shops, coffee shops, candy stores and many more. We ended up with lots of bags of candy, clothes and toys, not because Harry asked, he actually had said he didn't want to spend my money, I just decided to buy him whatever he stared at a moment to long, and the things that brought light to his beautiful green eyes.

Then we passed through a specific shop, that made me stop and look closer. Madam Malkin's Robes. The place I first saw Harry. The place I saw those beautiful shiny green eyes for the first time in my life. The day my life changed.

"Dray? Are you alright?" I heard Harry asking.

I looked at him and smiled, before turning back to look at the shop. "Yes. I'm more than alright, actually."

"Hmm... ok?" he said, unsure of what to reply.

"Do you know this place, Harry?"

"No..." he replied, confused.

"It's where we first met." I explained to him, then smiled.

He offered me his hand, smiling, and I took it. Then we just stayed there, hand in hand, looking at the place where it all began.

"Can we go in?" Harry asked, suddenly.

"Sure!"

We entered, and Harry tried on different robes, just for fun, as I relived the encounter, and chuckled at how confused poor Harry was when I had talked to him.

Then I took Harry's hand again, and we walked back to Hogwarts, not saying a word, just enjoying each others company.

Chapter XIV - Seeker Game

Draco's POV

We spent the rest of the week with going to classes and hanging in the school grounds, and when Saturday arrived I noticed it was already the last day of twelve year old Harry. And that made me nervous, since professor Slughorn advised me to talk with him about puberty and all that stuff before he turned fourteen, and since I've been pushing the subject away for this whole time, today I needed to talk to him.

It was almost ten a.m. when Harry and I woke up in my chambers (he slept there almost everyday), and we slowly got up and headed to the kitchen to make breakfast.

"Dray?" he started.

"Hmm?"

"Tomorrow I turn fourteen, right?"

"Yes, Harry.You'll take the potion today, and tomorrow you'll wake up as a fourteen year old boy. Why?" I replied.

"Oh, nothing, don't worry." he looked at his feet.

"Angel... what is it?" I turned to him and lifted his chin so he would look at me.

"It's just... it's almost over... you know, professor Slughorn told us he hadn't managed to make any progress with the me remembering thing... and I don't want to forget!"

I locked my eyes with his, then leaned down and kissed his forehead gently.

"Look, Harry. Whatever happens, I'll never stop loving you, ok? Even if you become the same old Harry that hates me, I'll never

ever hate you. And I promise I'll do everything to make you remember somehow. Ok?" I reassured him, and he nodded, then reached forward and hugged me, and I hugged back.

We stayed like that for a few minutes, and I broke the hug and looked at Harry.

I need to talk to him.

"Angel? Can I talk to you about something?"

"Yeah, sure. What is it?"

"Well... it's about the next phase."

"What about it?" he asked, confused.

I pulled his hand and went to sit in the couch with him. Then I sighed, and continued.

"Well, the age of fourteen is a age where you... hmm... pass through changes."

"What kind of changes?"

"Well, hmm, physical changes, hormonal and all that stuff. Well, essentially you'll start to have feelings you don't have right now, and it may confuse you, but you can always come to me if you have any questions, ok?" I explained awkwardly, and he nodded, looking at me suspicious. "Now, changing subject, should we go and make some breakfast, so we can spend the day outside, playing games, or even flying?"

His eyes lightened up at the mention of flying, and I chuckled.

We finished breakfast, grabbed our brooms, and headed to the quidditch pitch, and, luckily, it was empty.

We mounted our brooms quickly and began flying around.

Then I had an idea.

"Harry!" I shouted.

"Yes?" he shouted back.

"Come down for a little bit, I have a surprise!"

We flew to the ground quickly, and I went to ask for a snitch, so we could play together.

"What is it, Dray?" he asked, amused.

"This, my Harry, is a snitch."

"A what?"

"A snitch. You remember what I told you about quidditch? That you and I are seekers and play against each other?" he nodded. "Well, this is what we chase. Our job in the games is to catch this tiny ball. It's really hard, since it is really really fast, and you can barely see it."

His eyes were shining with amusement and I smiled at him.

"Want to try?" I asked, and he nodded eagerly.

I released the snitch and it started flying around, and when I looked to my side, Harry was already mounted in his broom and starting to chase the golden ball. I chuckled and mounted my own broom, and started chasing the snitch aswell.

It wasn't long before the whole school had heard about he seeker game that was happening, and half of it was sitting in the field benches, cheering for us.

Suddenly, I saw Harry leaning forward in his broom and flying with an enormous amount of speed, and I figured he had found the snitch.

I quickly turned around in my broom and started trying to catch up with him, but he was to fast.

I swore and then I heard cheers. I looked down and Harry had the snitch in his left hand, holding it up so everyone could see it.

Everyone was screaming his name, and I could tell he was battling over being embarrassed or flattered. He was flushed and smiling like crazy, and I knew he was happy.

I flew to stand next to him, grabbed him and settled him in my shoulders, so he could se everyone. Some people glared at that, some smiled, and some awed. But I didn't care. All I cared was about Harry's cute little blush and messed hair.

He leaned down in my shoulders so his lips were brushing my ear, and I shivered unwillingly.

"Thank you, Dray." he whispered, then kissed my cheek softly.

"No, Harry. Thank *you*. And you were really good, you know?"

He giggled at that, then handed me the snitch back, but I quickly returned it to him, and he looked at me, confused.

"Keep it, angel. As a souvenir. Of our first game together."

He nodded and smiled at me, hugging my neck from behind me.

When people started walking away I released Harry from my shoulders and grabbed his hand, starting to return to our quarters.

Harry's POV

As we entered our quarters Draco kept looking at me funny.

"What is it? Do I have something in my face?" I said, wiping my cheeks in case they were dirty.

"No, no, angel. You're just... really cute, you know, when you're with your *I just flew around and had an amazing time* look." he said, chuckling, and I laughed at him.

We had lunch, and we spent the rest of the day playing wizard chess and talking about random stuff. Then, after we had dinner, it was time for me to take the potion.

Draco started walking me to my room, and I looked at him confused.

"Dray?" I asked, and he turned to me. "Where are you taking me?"

"To your room, Harry, where else?" he said, as it was obvious.

"M-my room? Why not yours? Dray, I don't want to be in my room..." I said looking down.

He sighed, then nodded, and walked me to his room instead.

We changed into our nightgowns and sat in Draco's bed.

He grabbed the potion, and looked at me, caressing my cheek softly, and I leaned my head into his touch.

"Ready, my angel?" he asked softly.

I nodded, and opened my mouth. He poured the potion inside my mouth and I made a disgusted face, throwing my tongue out, as I always do, and he laughed.

We layed down and I put my head in his chest and hugged his waist, as he rested his arm around my back.

"I love you, Dray." I said, sleepishly.

"And I love you, angel." he replied softly, and then I fell into a deep sleep, ready for one last month of adventure.

Chapter XV - I'm doomed

Draco's POV

The next day I woke up before Harry, and when I opened my eyes he was cuddled in my chest, arms around my waist and pressed dangerously against me.

Fourteen year old Harry was hot. Like really hot. Almost as hot as sixteen year old Harry. And Merlin, my mind was racing and my heart was beating so fast at our closeness.

I tried freeing myself from his grip, but when I moved he groaned and pulled me even closer to him.

I knew I was blushing hard, and I knew the awkwardness that awaited me when he woke up.

I waited for almost fifteen more minutes before I felt Harry stirring and opening his eyes slowly.

"Mornin', Dray." he said in a husky voice, as he buried his face in deeper in my chest and yawned softly.

Merlin help me his voice is so much deeper.

"Hi, Harry." I said softly, trying to hide my discomfort. "Hmm... h-how do you feel?"

"I'm alright, I guess." he replied, before pulling himself higher in bed so his face was close to mine. "What about you?" he almost whispered, looking into my eyes.

He is doing it on purpose, the git! He knows it's affecting me!

"I-I hmm..." I tried to form words but I couldn't. Instead, I just stared into his beautiful green eyes and got lost in them.

"Am I bothering you, Draco?" he whispered in my ear in a deep

voice, and I flushed even harder. "Am I making you feel uncomfortable?"

"Hmm... hmm..." I couldn't get a word out of my mouth.

"Your eyes are beautiful, did you know?" he breathed even closer to my ear.

"H-Harry... stop, please." I begged.

"Why? Do I make you feel... stuff?"

"Harry..." I let out, in a desperate whisper.

Then he turned around and got up, walking to my bathroom to take a bath without saying another word, leaving me there.

He was teasing me! I can't believe it!

I stayed in bed trying to regain my breath again, and I stared at the ceiling.

I won't be able to deal with him for a whole month if he's going to keep teasing like that! I thought.

A few moments later I heard the water of the shower stopping running, and then the door opened revelling a dripping wet Harry with a towel around his waist only.

My eyes were fixed on his naked torso and I was sure I was as red as Weasley's hair.

Then he coughed, and I looked up.

Merlin.

"Hey, Dray? Do you have any clothes I can borrow? The ones I have don't really fit anymore."

I simply nodded and headed to my closet to find something for Harry.

I looked to my side and found him standing next to me, looking

through my clothes.

He grabbed a green and silver sweatshirt and turned to me.

"Can I wear it? I like it." he asked.

"Yeah, sure." I said, handing him some black trousers to match with the sweatshirt.

But, instead of going away, he stood there, looking at me, leaving me confused, as I didn't know what he was waiting for.

He just wants to torture me some more I bet.

"Hmm, Draco? Do you expect me to wear no underwear? 'Cause I don't think that would be a really good idea." he pointed.

"Oh, right, sure. Sorry." I said, flushing even more, if it was possible. I opened the drawer that had the underwear and handed some to Harry, feeling really really awkward.

He smiled at me, and kissed my cheek softly.

"Thanks." he whispered close to my face, before turning around and leaving the room.

As soon as the door closed, I buried my face in my hands and started taking deep breaths.

Merlin, Merlin, Merlin, Merlin, Merlin, Merliiiin.

I shouldn't be feeling attracted to him! I basically raised him! He was five two months ago! Merliiiiiin help meee!

I'm doomed.

After Harry and I were both ready to leave our quarters, we headed to Dumbledore's office, as I needed to ask him to let us go to Hogsmeade.

I knocked at his door and it opened.

"Good morning, boys! Take a seat! What brings you here?" he asked.

"Good morning, professor. I wanted to ask if you could give Harry and I permission to go to Hogsmeade today, as Harry does not own any clothes that fit him." I talked politely. Harry just kept glaring at Dumbledore, I know he doesn't like him.

"But of course, Draco, dear! I will have you assigned a professor to take you out of Hogwarts grounds, and then you can go there by yourselves. But I expect you to be back before dinner. And I want to see you at the Great Hall. Is that alright?"

"Yes, thank you very much, when can we go?" I asked.

"Wait a minute, I'll ask Minerva if she wouldn't mind taking you there."

I nodded and Dumbledore sent a patronus to professor McGonagall, and we waited until she replied.

Less than five minutes later there was a knock at the door, and she entered the office.

"Good morning, Mr. Malfoy, Harry." She greeted us, and we greeted her back. "Shall we go?"

I nodded, said goodbye to professor Dumbledore and we headed to Hogsmeade.

After McGonagall left me and Harry, we started walking through shops and looking for clothes.

After a while, Harry grabbed my hand and turned to me.

"Dray, can we stop for a while? I'm really hungry, could we go eat something and then continue?" he asked me.

"Sure, Harry. Where would you want to go?" I replied.

"I don't know. There was this place we passed through not long ago,

but I don't remember it's name." he said.

"The Three Broomsticks?"

"Yeah, I think so." he smiled at me, and I realised he was still holding my hand, and I blushed a little, then smiled back at him.

We walked to The Three Broomsticks, still hand in hand, and when we entered people gave us weird looks, but Harry didn't seem to care.

We sat at a small table in the corner, and ordered some snacks, as it wasn't really a place to *eat*, and more to *drink*.

As we were eating I caught Harry staring at me, and when I looked up, our eyes locked together.

"Merlin, you're so beautiful, Dray..." he said softly, as he got up and headed to my side of the table, never breaking eye contact.

When he reached me, he sat in my bench and gently cupped my face in his hand, leaning closer.

I couldn't even process what was happening when I felt his lips on mine, and my body was filled with what seemed like fireworks. I closed my eyes and kissed back softly, and after a few seconds he broke the kiss and rested his forehead on mine, his eyes still closed.

I looked at his face and a single tear left my eye, as I remembered in a few weeks I would lose him.

He felt the tear hit his hand and opened his eyes slowly.

"Dray... we-we are going to figure it out okay? I promise you. I really don't want to lose you..." he whispered, and I nodded, not sure if I could believe him.

He noticed the hesitation and pulled me for another kiss, this one filled with passion and it was almost desperate, as if our lives depended on it.

And then, when we broke the kiss to regain our breaths, he

whispered.

"I promise..."

Chapter XVI - Warmth, joy... and love

A/N - Thank you so so much for the 700 reads!!!! I never thought I would reach this numbers and I couldn't be happier!!!! I love you all so so much and thank you from the bottom of my heart for reading this story and for leaving you votes!❤□❤□❤□

Another A/N - For those who don't know, I'm updating every day, except Weekends and holidays, and if there is a day when I can't post I'll warn you, but there probably won't be any. If you have any questions fell free to ask away, and I'll answer everyone.

Bye my lovely Drarry shippers, and on with the story!

Harry's POV

After getting a few more clothes, Draco and I headed back to Hogwarts, and he had his hand around my waist the whole way. We didn't talk to each other, just shared a few small smiles.

As we entered our quarters I closed the door and took Draco's hands in mine, kissing them softly, and then we just stood there close to each other looking deep into each other's eyes.

I leaned in and kissed his lips again, and he kissed back immediately, with just as much passion, as he wrapped his arms around my waist, and I rested mine in his chest.

We stayed there kissing for a while until we both were gasping for breath, and then we smiled at each other.

It was already time for dinner, and we knew we needed to go to the Great Hall, since Dumbledore had told us to.

I pecked his lips one more time before starting to talk.

"Dray..."

"Hm?"

"We need to go to the Great Hall now... it's time for dinner." I told him.

"Oh..." he said, sounding disappointed. "Ok, then. Do you want to change into some of your clothes?"

"No, I like yours. They smell like you." I replied softly, and he smiled at me.

I grabbed his hand and pulled him closer to me, then started making our way to the Great Hall to eat.

"Gryffindor's or Slytherin's?" I asked him, and he gave me a confused look. "Table. Gryffindor's or Slytherin's table."

"Oh, we can go to Gryffindor. None of my '*friends*' would really enjoy having you there." he replied.

"If you don't like them why do you keep getting along with them?" I asked, as we were making our way to the Gryffindor table.

"It's just that it is not really wise to be in Slytherin and don't get along with the Slytherins, you see? It wouldn't work out well for me." he explained and I nodded.

We sat in front of Hermione and Ron, and as soon as she saw me her eyes widened.

"Harry! You're fourteen!" she exclaimed and I chuckled.

"Yeah, I guess. How are you, 'Mione?"

"I'm fine, what about you two?" she asked.

"We're fine." I said, smiling and looking at Draco, who turned around and blushed. "You're so cute." I told him, making him blush harder.

"What the hell is going on here? Are you two like, a thing?" Ron asked, shocked.

"Ronald!" Hermione elbowed him.

"It's okay 'Mione, don't worry." I said. "And, Ron, to answer your question-" I started, then grabbed Draco's chin and pecked his lips. "Kind of."

The Great Hall fell silent and everyone was staring at us.

Draco looked at me, with some kind of emotion I couldn't figure out, got up, and ran away.

"Dray!" I screamed, getting up to go after him. "Draco! Please!"

I ran and ran after him until we reached our quarters and he entered his room, locking it behind him.

I banged it and screamed at Draco to let me in, but he wouldn't even reply.

Then I gave up, and sank on the floor with my back in his door, hugging my knees close to my chest as tears fell from my eyes.

"D-Draco... please... just open the door..." I said, my voice shivering. "I'm sorry, Dray... please..."

"Why did you do it, Harry?" I heard a weak voice.

"I-I didn't know it would bother you... I'm so sorry..." I sobbed into my knees and after a while the door opened behind me, and Draco took me in his arms as we cried together.

"I'm so so sorry, Dray..." I whispered. "I-I just thought we had something... I-I thought you had felt what I felt..."

"And what is it that you felt, angel?" he said softly, and my eyes widened at the nickname he hadn't used since I turned fourteen.

"Warmth, joy... and love." I replied, looking deeply into his eyes, trying to figure out what he felt.

I didn't need to think about it anymore when he leaned in and kissed me with more passion than any other kiss we shared.

He licked my lips, asking for entrance, and I quickly gave it to him, and he explored my mouth with his tongue, as our lips moved in sync and our breaths were heavy.

We stayed like that for a few minutes before we broke the kiss and looked deeply into each other's eyes, and smiled.

"Merlin, my angel... you're so beautiful..." he whispered.

"Not as beautiful as you are..." I whispered back. "I'm sorry, Draco. I didn't know you would react that way..." I looked down.

"Oh, Harry... I just don't think it was a really good idea for you to kiss me in front of everyone."

"So you were scared about what other people thought of it?" I asked.

"I couldn't care less for what other people thought. It's just... if the word spreads, and my father hears about this, I'm scared he will disown me, you know, for being like, hm, gay..."

I caressed his cheek gently and took him in my arms, and ran my hands through his soft hair.

"I know he's not the best man in the world, but he's still my father... and-and I don't want for him to hate me..." he whispered.

"Dray... if he can't accept you as you are, do you really think it would be worth it to hide yourself forever?"

"I just don't want to be a disappointment..." he said quietly.

"And you won't be. Never. I love you, Dray. You took care of me for this past months and risked so much by doing that! I'm so so thankful for it." I told him, which earned me a smile from him.

"I love you too, my angel." he replied, and leant in to leave a quick peek in my lips, then resting his forehead against mine. "Well, I

guess by tomorrow the whole school will know about the Malfoy-Potter kiss." he said, chuckling.

"Yeah..." I smiled softly at him.

"Let's go to sleep, shall we?" he asked, and I nodded.

We entered Draco's room, changed into nightgowns and layed under the covers, cuddled against each other, and we both fell asleep smiling.

Chapter XVII - Azkaban break

Draco's POV

It was already Monday morning and Harry and I woke up later than we were supposed to.

"Breakfast is almost finishing, Harry! Hurry!" I said, as I tried to undo the buttons of my nightgown quicker than usual, which resulted on getting them stuck and stressing even more.

"It ends in twenty minutes, Dray. We don't need twenty minutes to eat!" he replied, as he was calmly putting on some new black jeans we had gotten the day before.

"Maybe you don't need twenty minutes, but I do! And it's not twenty anymore. It's eighteen." I stated, as I finally had managed to get rid of the damn nightgown and dressed a grey shirt.

"Ugh. Just relax. If you don't finish your food I'll finish it for you! Plus, it's seventeen minutes. And your hair is a mess."

I looked at the mirror. "My hair's perfect! How-" I felt a hand ruffling my hair. "HARRY! That's going to take five more bloody minutes now! You git!" I shouted, and he was laying on the floor laughing hysterically.

I finished getting dressed and when I looked at the time there were only ten minutes left. I looked at Harry, who was leaning in the doorframe for about five minutes now, already ready to leave, glared at him, then sighed, simply passing my fingers through my hair in hope it wouldn't look awful.

I dressed my school robes and Harry dressed his, we left our quarters, and when I turned to glare at Harry, he smiled at me and grabbed my hand, holding it.

When we arrived the Great Hall there weren't many people, as breakfast time was already finishing, and we sat the end of the Slytherin table, since it was almost empty.

There weren't many options on what to choose to eat, since the only stuff left was either the more disgusting one or the one that seemed endless.

I finally decided to simply grab a toast, and when I looked at Harry, he was already finishing what looked like his second plate.

"How can you eat so much?" I asked.

"How can you eat so little?" he replied, smirking at me, as he grabbed my toast and took a tiny bite, then putting it back in my plate.

I looked at him confused, then shook my head and got back to eating, now only six minutes left.

A while later I finished my toast, and Harry finished his third plate of food, and we got up and left the Great Hall, heading to our first lesson of the day: Potions.

Apart from the stares and whispers from everyone because of the "Malfoy-Potter kiss", potions went smoothly.

We learned about the Elixir to Induce Euphoria, which is is a sunshine-yellow potion that induces a sense of inexplicable, irrational happiness upon the drinker, if I remember correctly. It was a rather tricky potion, and next class we were supposed to brew it, but I think I can handle it.

After that we had double Transfiguration, then lunch.

Harry and I sat next to Hermione, who was alone, something about Weasley being sick or dead. I didn't really pay attention when she explained, and I couldn't care less. It's Weasley.

"-and so he couldn't come." she finished.

"Sounds interesting." I replied, trying to hide the fact that I hadn't payed attention.

"Interesting? Draco! His arm looks like jelly!" she said, annoyed, and I rolled my eyes.

"How can that happen?" Harry asked, and now I was listening.

"It happened to you once. He fell from his broom, and hurt his arm. So, when they tried to fix it, the spell or potion or whatever they used went wrong. Now his arm is boneless."

Harry nodded, then leaned to grab food for himself, and Hermione and I looked at him with shock at the amount of food he pilled in his plate.

I chuckled then served myself.

"Dray?" he said, with his mouth full.

"Harry! Finish what's in your mouth! Then talk!" I said, disgusted, and he chewed quickly what he was eating then started again.

"Dray?" he repeated.

"Yes, Harry?"

"Are you only going to eat that?" he pointed at the small amount of food that was on my plate.

"Hm... yes. I'm not hungry."

"You barely ate this morning!" he said. "Eat a little bit more, Dray, please. You're going to starve."

"It's okay, angel. I'm really not hungry." I tried explaining, but when I noticed he was filling my plate with an extra amount of food.

Then he pointed at my fork. "Eat." he ordered, and I sighed, and started eating.

The rest of the day flew by, and when we noticed, it was already darkening outside.

Harry and I were laying on our couch, with blankets around us, and Harry had his head on my chest and I was reading a book as I played with his hair with my fingers, and he hummed in pleasure.

He leaned closer into my chest, and after a few minutes, his head got heavy and his breaths were turned into soft snores, and I knew he had fallen asleep.

I continued playing with his hair and reading my book, when I heard the door of our quarters opening, which made tense up a little.

"Who's there?" I asked, quietly, so I didn't wake Harry up.

"Hey, it's just me." I heard Hermione's voice say and I instantly relaxed, letting out a breath I didn't know I was holding.

"Hermione? What are you doing here? And be quiet, please."

"Oh, I just wanted to tell you something."she almost-whispered, as she sat on the other end of the couch. "He looks so peaceful..." she said, as she smiled at the boy laying on my chest.

"Yeah..." I replied, brushing Harry's hair from his face with my fingers.

"You really like him, don't you?" she asked, still looking at Harry.

"I love him. And I don't know what I will do if he doesn't remember this months..." I whispered, looking at my angel's face and running my hand that was in his hair through his face. "I don't want to lose him..."

"And you won't, Draco. I won't let that happen, okay?" she reassured me, and I smiled weakly at her.

"What is it you wanted to tell me?" I asked, trying to change the subject.

"Oh, that, yeah... you won't like it..."

"What is it? You can say, Hermione." I said, confused.

She sighed, then started talking. "It's about your father..."

I flinched at that, and she noticed, as she gave me a reassuring smile.

"W-What about him?" fear was obvious in my eyes.

"Draco... he-he escaped... from Azkaban..."

My eyes widened and my heart was beating really fast.

"Draco, you need to calm down, you don't want to have another panic attack... breath." She was right, I needed to control my emotions. So I looked at the sleeping boy and took deep breaths, until I calmed down enough for it to not be dangerous for me.

"W-When?" I asked, my voice trembling.

"Yesterday, but the news were only in the Daily Prophet today." she replied.

"C-Can I see it?"

She nodded and reached her pocket, pulling out a reducioed newspaper, then she put it to it's normal size and handed it to me.

I read it and reread it and then I looked at her, fear in my eyes, handed her the Prophet and said "Good night..."

She gave me a reassuring smile again, patted my shoulder and left.

I got myself more comfortable on the couch, careful to not wake Harry, and hugged him close to me, as I fell asleep fearing about what would happen next.

Chapter XVIII - Death Eater

Draco's POV

I woke up several times during the night, as I kept having nightmare after nightmare, and as I casted a *Tempus*, I noticed that it was six a.m., and I saw no point in going back to sleep just to wake up half an hour next.

My back was slightly sore, for sleeping on the couch, but I was comforted knowing I had Harry still in my arms, breathing softly into my chest.

I smiled at how adorable he looked like that, cuddled against me, and for a few seconds I forgot about my loose father, and focused instead in the happiness I felt just by knowing Harry would be here for me... well, at least for the next less than two weeks he would. But I didn't want to think about that, or I knew my emotions would overwhelm me, and that could lead to another panic attack.

I layed there, looking at Harry and massaging his hair softly for about forty more minutes, until he shifted slightly and slowly opened his eyes.

"'Morning, Dray." he said in a tired and husky voice.

"Hi there, sleepyhead." I replied, smiling at him, and he smiled back.

Then he groaned and pulled himself up, so he was sitting on the couch, freeing me from his weight so I could get up aswell.

I sat up next to him, and he leaned his head in my shoulder, yawning.

"What time is it?" he asked.

I casted a *Tempus* again.

"Six forty-three."

"Ugh! So early!" he groaned, launching himself into my lap and resting his head there dramatically. "Whyyyy!"

I chuckled at him and ruffled his hair, which earned me a soft smile.

"I get it you're tired, but we have classes, and I would appreciate actually having time to have breakfast today. So get your lazy arse up and go get ready." I informed.

"Ugh. Yes, Sir." he said, sarcastically, before getting of my lap and standing up, stretching his arms and yawning again. "I'm going to take a shower."

"Okay." I replied.

"I won't be long, don't worry. Well unless, of course, you want to join." he said, smirking at me as I blushed tremendously.

"Harry!" I shouted, awkwardly.

"I take that as a no?" he asked, faking a pout.

I gave him a look and he shook his head.

"Your loss." he stated, winking at me, before turning around and leaving. "If you change your mind you know where to find me!" he shouted from the bathroom.

"Harry!" I shouted back, and I heard him laugh.

He's going to be the death of me... I thought, shacking my head and brushing my face with my hands.

After Harry and I were ready, we left to have breakfast, sitting at the Gryffindor table.

Weasley hadn't been cured from the boneless thing yet, so it was

just Hermione and us.

Breakfast was calm until a group of Gryffindors came and sat at the table, looking at me and laughing.

"Look, the Death Eater is still here!" one of them said.

"I wonder how much longer will it take for him to go join his filthy father!" another said.

I tried to ignore them, but the comments were getting more and more hurtful, and I looked down, trying to stop tears from falling.

"Dray? Are you okay? Don't listen to them..." Harry asked, concerned, and I nodded.

"He's going to cry! So pathetic!" someone shouted.

Then I felt someone grab me and heard Harry screaming for them to let me go.

I looked up and noticed a group of people from many different houses holding me, and I flinched as one of them grabbed my arm.

"Do you have something to hide, Malfoy?" asked one that was approaching me.

I saw Harry and Hermione being held by other two, and Harry was desperately trying to break free.

Then I felt someone pull my sleeve up, many gasps were heard, and my eyes filled with tears.

"So the rumors are true!" he said quietly, before turning to the Great Hall "Draco Malfoy is a Death Eater!" he shouted, and people started to either cry, shout in fear, or run away.

After that he they let me go, pushing me into the ground, and I immediately pulled my sleeve back down, stumbling to get up and trying to find Harry within the crowd that had formed.

When I found him, our eyes locked, and I saw his filled with fear

and hurt, just like Hermione.

I ran, pushing everyone out of the way, and when I got to him I stood in front of him.

"Harry... Harry please, please don't be scared..." I said softly as I walked closer to him, but he took a step back. "Harry... my angel, I love you... I would never lie to you! Please! I need you to trust me!" I said, between sobs, and tears were now freely falling from my face.

"How could you?" he half-whispered, his eyes shining from the tears that wouldn't stop falling.

I walked closer to him, and this time he didn't back off, so I kept walking until we were close to each other.

I reached my hand and touched his face gently, and he flinched at that movement.

"Angel... you have to understand I didn't have any other choice..." I whispered, and I turned to Hermione aswell. "Let's go to our quarters, okay? I will tell you two everything you want me to tell you..."

They nodded and started walking past the crowd, and I followed them.

As soon as we entered our quarters, I closed the door and sat on the couch, Harry and Hermione sitting in chairs, away from me.

"Explain." Harry said, trying to keep his voice steady.

"Harry, please don't be mad..." I whispered.

"Explain!" he shouted.

I nodded, and sighed.

"It was in the summer... father was in Azkaban, and I knew he

wanted me to become a Death Eater like him but mother and I were against it. The Dark Lord was staying in my manor, so I rarely left my room, afraid of running into him."

I looked up at them and Harry was still angry, and Hermione nodded for me to continue.

"I spent half of the summer like that, hiding in my room and only eating when house elves were allowed to bring me food. But then, there was one day that mother told me I was to have dinner with him and the other Death Eaters," tears started falling from my face. "and when I reached there, they were all gathered around the table, and I walked to sit next to mother, who was also afraid, but she gave a reassuring look, which left me confused. Then, the Dark Lord got up and walked to stand behind my chair... and he asked me if I was willing to take the mark, and w-when I told him no, h-he grabbed m-mother a-and threatened t-to k-kill her if I d-din't accept-" I broke down sobbing, and I felt arms wrap around me softly.

"I'm sorry, Dray... I had no idea..." Harry said softly, as he held me in his arms as I cried.

"Oh, Draco... nobody should have to go through what you went through... you're so young! That's so cruel..." Hermione said softly, as she rested her hand on my back and rubbed it.

We stayed like that until I stopped sobbing, and Harry put his hand under my chin, lifting me gaze to meet his, and wiped my tears from my face.

"I love you, Dray... so much..." he said softly, before capturing my lips with his, pulling me into a short, yet full of emotions kiss, and smiled at me.

"I should probably leave you two..." Hermione said, patting my back one last time before leaving the quarters.

Harry helped me up and dragged my into my chambers, laying me in my bed before joining me and cuddling me to his chest. I put my arm around his waist and he hugged me closer, both of us falling

into a deep sleep, even though it was still morning.

Chapter XIX - DADA class

A/N - Thank you soo much for the 900 reads!! I don't even know what to say!! It means so so much to me that you guys keep reading and voting! So, to celebrate, this chapter is the longest one I ever wrote, with almost 1500 words!!! Enjoy!!!!

Harry's POV

I woke up around noon, refreshed from the nap and more calm about the previous events.

I just can't believe Draco never told me, I thought he trusted me... yes, I know it's awful and I understand he was afraid, but either way, I'm sure he knew I would figure it out sometime.

I just don't know how I didn't see it when he got dressed in front of me... did he use some kind of glamour? I don't know, but I don't want to worry about it now. All I'm worried about is how is he going to face the entire school after what happened...

I looked at him, and he was still deep in sleep, cuddled with me and with his arm still on my waist, and I knew I had to wake him up, he had already lost half of the day's classes, and I'm sure he wouldn't want to loose more.

I leaned down a little bit and planted a kiss to his forehead, and when he didn't seem to be waking up I started kissing his whole face, and when he groaned and buried his face in my neck I let out a giggle... way too girly if you may ask me... which left me embarrassed.

He looked up at me and kissed my nose softly, and I relaxed.

"Hi..." he said, sleepishly.

"Hi, sleeping beauty. Slept well?".

He hummed and nodded before yawning.

"How much did we sleep?" he asked.

"It's not a lot past noon now, so we can eat lunch here, then head to.. hmm... what class do we have?"

"I think DADA (A/N - Defence Against the Dark Arts, if you didn't figure it out). We are supposed to be starting on wandless magic... well, I'm not sure you will be allowed to do it, since it's only legal to start learning how to do it at sixteen."

"Technically, I *am* sixteen. But nevermind, I'll just keep you company." I replied.

"You don't have to come if you don't want to, Harry."

"Oh no, there's no way in hell I'm going to leave you on your own. And it's not up for discussions." I told him.

"You know you don't need to-"

"I'm coming."

"Ugh, fine." he groaned.

"Now, stay here as I make us some lunch." I said, as I started walking out of Draco's bedroom.

"No! Harry! I told you I-"

"I'm making lunch. And you can't stop me." I stoped him.

"Ugh. Stubborn."

"Ow, I wove you too!" I said in a babyish voice.

"Yeah, yeah. Now go, I'm hungry." he said, faking annoyance.

I laughed at him then left.

After we ate our lunch, Draco and I hung around for a while, then got ready and left for DADA.

As soon as we put foot inside the classroom, everyone went silent and stared at us, well, more specifically at Draco, with fearful and hateful eyes.

Draco looked down immediately, and I quickly reached for his hand and held it tightly, which earned gasps and whispers all over the class.

"So you recruited the Chosen One? Filthy Death Eater!" someone shouted, and almost everyone agreed.

I walked to the front of the class, dragging Draco with me, he was still looking down.

"Don't. You. DARE. SAY. ANYTHING. ABOUT. HIM! DO YOU UNDERSTAND? YOU ARE THE FILTHY ONE HERE!"

"Harry, drop it, it's okay... they're right..." Draco said.

"No they're not, Dray... you are amazing! And if they're too blind to notice that's their problem." I replied as I caressed his cheek. "Can I kiss you?" I whispered.

"H-Here? Now?"

I nodded.

"Y-yeah..." he replied softly.

I grabbed his face and crushed my mouth against his, and the class fell silent again.

Then I broke the kiss, and turned to class again.

"If one of you even dares to try and humiliate someone I love again, there will be consequences." I said, and everyone stared at me with shock, as I made my way to sit in the middle of the classroom, with Draco, of course.

"Thank you, angel... it means a lot to me." he whispered, and I smiled at him.

"You don't need to thank me, Dray... I love you. So much. And I'd do it again and again if it was necessary." I reassured him, as I leaned in to kiss his cheek.

"I love you too, you have no idea how much." he said softly, as a tear fell from his face, and I whipped it away, grabbing his hand and bringing it to my mouth, leaving soft kisses in it.

Professor Snape walked in a few minutes later, and class seemed to last forever, as I was not allowed to do anything, but, on the bright side, no one dared to bring the Draco subject up again.

I mean, not to brag, but after all Hermione and Draco said I had done in my six years at Hogwarts, I would be scared to de something against me too.

I mean, I killed a professor the Dark Lord was using as disguise in first year, slayed a huge deathly snake on my second, saved a innocent prisoner, who was also my godfather, travelled in time and met a werewolf at my third, competed in a tremendously dangerous competition, almost got killed and saw a friend die on my fourth, in my fifth battled Death Eaters and me and my godfather almost got killed. Merlin, I would never have believed it if anyone told me.

(A/N - Yap, Sirius is alive. I imagine it as they thought he had died, but the only thing that happened was that he fell on that portal that was behind him, only getting out when the fight was over, as it got blocked. Sorry, but I love Sirius too much to let him die. Maybe you'll hear about him soon! Now, on with the story!)

Well, anyway, after DADA we had Herbology, then classes were over.

I never left Draco's side, and everytime someone glared at him, I would grab his hand protectively and return them an even more powerful glare, and Merlin, if eyes could kill, they would be dead by now. The said person would look at me fearfully, and quickly turn around and walk away, and I would turn to Draco and kiss his cheek, giving him a reassuring smile.

Draco and I had decided to have dinner in our quarters, as we were trying to avoid having to face people a lot, and we invited Hermione, and Ron, since he was already cured, just not to be rude.

We were making the food when we heard the knock, and I went to open the door.

"Hello, Harry!" Hermione said, as she hugged me.

"Hi, 'Mione! Ron." I said, politely.

"Hum... hi." he replied awkwardly.

"Come in, you can sit down, dinner's almost ready." I said, and they nodded and sat at the dinning table.

I helped Draco bring the food the table, and after serving he sat next to me.

"Well, hello, Hermione! Hm... Weasley." Draco said.

"Hi!" Hermione replied.

"Hm... hi, Malfoy." Ron replied aswell.

"Hm... shall we eat?" Draco asked and we nodded, as we all served ourselves.

It was actually nice to have them here, and Ron wasn't acting as a git, so it went well.

"Hey, Dray?" I turned to him.

"Hum?" he asked, as he has his mouth full.

"Why does it smell like something burned?"

His eyes widened and he swallowed his food.

"Oh, no! Bloody hell! The cake!" he screamed as he ran to the kitchen, and the rest of us laughed.

A few moments later he returned with the cake.

"Everything's fine! Only the top was burnt so I was able to cut it. And I poured melted chocolate over it to cover."

I shook my head "Of course you did. You chocolate addict!"

"Am not! We already had this discussion. I'm not having it again."

"That's because you don't want to admit that though and manly Draco has a really really sweet tooth and will yell at anyone who crosses his sweets." I stated.

"I do not yell! I politely tell you to stay away from them."

"Sure you do." I said, grinning at him.

"I do!"

"Yes, of course." I lifted my head and planted a soft kiss to his lips, and I'm sure I heard Hermione awe and Ron shifting uncomfortabily. "Now give us the cake, we're hungry." I said.

Ron nodded in agreement, Hermione shook her head in disapproval.

"You boys eat too much." she said and we laughed.

After a while, Hermione and Ron left, and Draco and I went straight to bed, as it had been a long day.

And I noticed: there was only a week and a half left...

Chapter XX - Boyfriends?

A/N - 1000 reads? Oh Merlin I don't know what to say!!!!! You guys are absolutely amazing and I love you so so so so muuuuuuch!!!!!!!

Draco's POV

The rest of the week passed by not so quickly, since anywhere I went I would run into people who would make nasty comments about me, but I was glad Harry stood by me for the whole time.

It was now Saturday evening, and Harry, Hermione and Weasley were walking around Hogsmeade, just enjoying the sunny day it turned out to be.

"Look out, Harry!" Hermione shouted, as Harry bumped into another person for what looked like the third time. He was acting strange, and I was starting to get worried, so I walked closer to him and put an arm around his waist, and he leaned into my shoulder, sighing.

"Is everything alright, angel?" I asked, and he nodded. "Harry, don't lie to me... I know you're not okay... what happened?"

"It was nothing, Draco, just drop it." he whispered.

"Harry..."

"Please... just for now." he pleaded, as he stopped walking and looked into my eyes.

"Fine..." I finally said.

After a while we stopped at The Three Broomsticks to have a quick drink, and we sat at a high table near the bathrooms.

"Hum.. Harry? Malfoy? Look. I've been meaning to ask... hm... are you two like... hm.. dating? Like boyfriends? Because you act like it, but you never said you were *actually* into a relationship."

Harry and I exchanged a questioning look, and we realised we never really established that. We were just two teenagers living together that kissed casually.

"Hum..." Harry started, looking slightly disappointed. "I-I don't know..."

I turned to him "Hmm... do-do you want to? Like hm... be *together* together?" I asked.

"W-Would you be willing to?" he asked, as his eyes widened and filled with hope.

"Yeah, I think I would... So... hmm.. would you like to... hm... be-"

"Boyfriends."

"Yes, boyfriends." I said, smiling.

"So... make it official?" he asked, and I inclined my head in confusion. "Like, hmm... act like a couple and that..."

"We kind of already do that..." I pointed, and he smiled at me, before pulling me into a passionate kiss.

"Ugh, you're always doing that." Weasley said, and Hermione elbowed him.

"Leave them, they're in love." she said, smiling at us, as we broke the kiss and looked at them, blushing.

"I just don't really see what's the point of starting *now*, you have only one week left anyway!" Weasley said, and my head dropped immediately, as I remembered he was right.

"RONALD!" Hermione shouted.

"I-It's okay, 'Mione. Yes, we probably have only a week left. Then so be it. Let's make the most of this week! Enjoy it, and not think about what's going to happen next Saturday." Harry said, and I gave him a small smile, before pecking his lips.

"I love you, angel..." I whispered.

"I love you too, my dragon." he whispered back.

"Dragon?" I asked.

"Yeah... I found Dray yesterday, and that reminded me of our time together... and you are strong and beautiful and powerful. Just like a dragon." he explained, and I smiled at him.

"I ship it!" We heard Hermione say, and we chuckled, as Ron kept staring at us awkwardly, looking slightly guilty.

"Don't worry about it, W-Ronald. It's fine." I told him, and he stared at me wide eyed, then I saw a smile spreading on his face.

"You really changed, didn't you?" he asked, and I smiled at him. "Well, I think I can tolerate this Draco." he said, and laughed, and I laughed with him, until the four of us were a laughing mess and everyone stared at us.

We regained our breaths, and smiled at each other.

"Shall we order?" Harry asked, and we all nodded, calling the waiter and spending the evening there, as a group of friends who seemed to have no worries in their lives.

Night time arrived soon, and Harry and I found ourselves layed in my bed, arms around each other, looking at the ceiling.

"Dray..." Harry started, and I turned to him. "Will you- will you be okay? Eventually? If-if I don't remember I mean..." he whispered.

"I don't know, angel... I really don't... or maybe I do, but I'm just to scared to admit it..."

"Admit what?"

"That-that I'm nothing without you... that as soon as you forget me I'll have nothing... and that it will break me, so hard... but I think

what will hurt the most will be the fact that you won't even know I'm hurting... and that I need you..." I said almost inaudibly, as tears fell from my eyes.

I felt arms wrapping more tightly around me, and I silently cried into Harry's chest.

"I'll always love you, Dray... even if I don't know it... I always will... and we'll find out way back to each other, I'm sure of it! Do you trust me?" he asked and I nodded, looking up at him. Then, suddenly, his lips were on mine and we were embraced into a passionate and desperate kiss, and soon our tongues were dancing together in perfect sync. Harry started to put his hand under my shirt, and I froze and stoped the kiss.

"I-I'm sorry, Draco... I just got carried away... I'm sorry..." he said, sounding guilty.

"Harry, love, you don't have to apologise... but I'm sorry I can't give you what you want... I-I'm not ready..." I whispered.

"It's completely fine, Dray. Don't worry about it, okay? It was my mistake, I shouldn't have done that..."

"It's okay, Harry. Drop it, alright?" I asked, and he nodded, before starting to kiss me again.

We were soon both gasping for breath, and we layed there, curled against each other, and we quickly found ourselves lost in the other's eyes.

"My boyfriend's so beautiful..." Harry said, and I chuckled.

"Boyfriend... it's weird, isn't it? I mean, being boyfriends and all. But it's a good weird, don't get me wrong! I-It's just new and-"

"Draco?" he stoped me.

"Hum?" I asked, confused.

"Just shut up and kiss me, will you?" he replied.

We could say we barely slept that night, seeing as we spent most of it either making out or talking and talking.

We fell asleep at almost 3 a.m., Harry's head on top of my chest, and my arm was around his back, protecting him, from everything and nothing.

Just having him here with me makes me feel safe...

Little did I know, the said safety was on the line, and we were in more danger than we could ever imagine.

A/N - Oooooohh, cliffhanger! Sorry not sorry! Only a week left for Harry to turn back, nooooo! And we arrived chapter twenty, yeeeeah!!!! Thank you for reading, leave your vote and your comment if you want, and I love you all! Bye!

Chapter XXI - The War

Harry's POV

Draco and I were having lunch on Monday, after a long long potions class, where professor Slughorn spent the whole time writing on the board, and I swear I saw *many* people sleeping.

We were sitting together, trying to hold hands and eat at the same time, and we were having a nice time, despise the glares and sneers that people turned to Draco.

As we finished our meals, we saw professor Dumbledore getting up from his chair, to stand in front of the Great Hall, a slightly frightened expression on his face.

He cleared his throat, getting everyones attention, sighed, and started talking.

"Good evening, dear students. I wish I could be standing here, announcing something that you all would be thrilled about, or simply for an average update on Hogwarts' classes or professors. Alas, I'm afraid that's not quite the reason I stand here. Something is about to happen, something bad. As you all know, Voldemort has stayed in the dark for a long while now, but we all knew that wouldn't last forever. From one day to another, we found ourselves desperate for help, and I'm not pleased to inform you that he started making his first moves."

Everyone was staring at Dumbledore, scared, shocked, and some even fainted.

"The Dark Mark was found on top of many houses where muggleborn wizards lived, or muggle families of wizards."

Hermione and many muggleborns gasped, and they all looked terrified.

"The war has started. And we all shall be ready to fight when the time comes. Hogwarts' wards have been reenforced, and security has been increased to the most, so you are safer here than outside. It's still not one hundred percent safe, but I need to advise you that in times like this, *nowhere* is safe." And with that, he turned around, sitting back at the High Table.

The Great Hall was soon filled with whispers, which were followed by screams.

I turned to Draco, and he was staring blankly at where Dumbledore was standing.

"Draco... let's get out of here." I said, and he nodded, and followed me out of the Great Hall.

As soon as we arrived the door, Draco started screaming in agony, holding his arm, and I quickly ran to him and held him. Everyone was looking at him.

He kept screaming and screaming and I had no idea what to do.

Then I realised it was the arm that had the Dark Mark. What if it was Voldemort trying to get to him or something?

"Draco, Draco, shh... you're okay, you're okay, I'm here, breath... just breath..." I whispered, but it only made his screams become louder, and tears were falling as rivers from his eyes.

I held him bridal style and ran to the hospital wing, many professors, as Snape, Dumbledore, and McGonagall were following us.

Madam Pomfrey was trying to hold Draco down for about fifteen minutes now, and I was starting to freak out. The professors were sat beside me, as I paced back and forth.

"Harry, dear, please, calm down. He'll be okay." Professor McGonagall reassured me, with a sad smile.

"I-I'm sorry, I'm just scared..." I said.

"You have knowledge that he has taken the Mark, right?" professor Snape asked, and I nodded.

"Y-Yes, why?"

"I think the Dark Lord his trying to summon him..." he said quietly, and I gasped.

"W-What? A-And will he be able to?" I asked.

"No, he won't. Hogwarts has wards against summoning and apparition, so there's no way he would be able to take Draco. But that's way he's experiencing so much pain."

"Will he be okay?"

"Yes. The pain is temporary, so after it ends, there will be no pain left at all." he answered, and I nodded.

"Thank you, professor..." I whispered, and I swear I saw Snape smile, as he whispered me "You're welcome." back.

Then the door of the hospital wing opened, and I saw Madam Pomfrey pecking in.

"He's-" I didn't let her finish as I rushed past her to find Draco's bed, and she shock her head, smiling. "-okay."

I sat by Draco' side, and he smiled weakly at him.

"Hey, angel. I'm sorry I scared you... the Dark Lord was-"

"I know, Dray, I know. Snape told me." he nodded. "How are you feeling?"

"The pain's gone, but I feel slightly weak... and hungry." he said, chuckling softly.

"When do you get to leave?"

"Pomfrey said that I could leave whenever I wanted to, as long as I

was feeling fine." he said. "And I am right now, so let's leave this place, it smells like sick." he made a disgusted face and I laughed.

"Yeah, it does smell like sick." I agreed.

He smiled at me, and I leaned in, planting a sweet kiss on his lips, and then helped him up and we left.

Classes were dismissed for the rest of the day, and the professors were gathered in Dumbledore's office, discussing how to proceed.

I was sitting in the couch with Draco, and we were reading about the effects of being under Dark Magic, trying to find a way to help Draco and save him from Voldemort's influence. All we knew by far was that as long as he was in Hogwarts or in any place with wards against apparition, he was safe from being summoned, but still, the burning he felt was horrible, and we had to find a way to at least ease it.

But we couldn't exactly a Dark Mark section, since such think didn't even exist. But we could at least try.

I just knew I had to talk to my godfather somehow, before I turn back to sixteen, because Easter Break was coming in three weeks, and Hermione told me his house was warded, and I needed to ask him to let Draco stay there, since there's no way I'm letting him back at the Manor.

After a while of looking, we gave up, since there wasn't even any information that could be used in the slightest way. I put down the books and pulled Draco into a soft kiss, as I sat on his lap.

We had already had dinner, so we got up and walked to Draco's room, I put on only some sweatpants, as it was a hot day, and Draco seemed tore between wearing a shirt or not wearing it.

"Shirtless." I said, and he looked at me, tilting his head in confusion. "It's too hot to sleep with a shirt on, and you don't have to be ashamed to show the mark in front of me..." I explained softly, and he nodded, tossing his shirt in a near chair.

He came and layed on bed next to me, and I noticed he was trying to hide his arm from me, so I grabbed it, and when I felt him flinch, I used my other hand to caress softly his cheek.

"I really don't mind Dray, I just want you to feel comfortable." I whispered, as I brought his marked forearm to my lips and started leaving soft kissed around it. He was staring at me, wide eyed, not knowing how to react. "I don't want you to be ashamed of it, okay? It doesn't show you're weak... it only shows how brave and caring you are, for doing this to protect your family." I carried on leaving kisses around the mark.

"Thank you..." he whispered softly. "I love you..."

"I love you too, so much."

Chapter XXII - But I'm your git

A/N - TwO ThoUsANd rEAdS??? I CAN'T DEAL WITH IT OH MERLIIIN!!!! You guys are absolutely amazing and I love every single one of you so much!!!! Thank you for making this happen, thank you for leaving your votes and for writing all those sweet comments❤❤❤

Draco's POV

The next day Harry and I woke up to the sound of loud whispers coming from the living room, and when we got up to find out the source of them, we found ourselves facing no one other than Hermione and Ronald arguing.

We stood at the doorframe, and they stayed oblivious to our presence for a while, until Ronald's eyes landed on us, and he put his head down, as Hermione kept whisper-yelling at him for some random reason.

Ronald pocked her and she turned around, then her expression changed into a sorry one as she came closer to Harry and I.

"Oh my- I'm so sorry! Did we wake you? I told Ron to keep quiet but-" she apologised in a rush, but Harry stoped her.

"It's alright, 'Mione! Don't worry about it! We were already up, anyway." he lied, and I shock my head and chuckled.

"Hum... may I just ask why are you both shirtless?" Harry and I exchanged a glance and blushed. "And why does Draco have hickeys in his arm?!" she pointed, shocked.

I looked at my arm and blushed even harder, turning crimson, as I looked at my forearm to find red and purple marks around the Mark. *How didn't I notice that he started sucking! Oh, Merlin!*

I looked up at Harry to find him blushing as hard as I was, and then

Ronald coughed, and we turned our attention to him.

"Well, hm... we just wanted to make sure you were okay... and you are! So me and Hermione will be going... hmm... see you later..." he stuttered.

"Yeah... see you..." Hermione agreed.

As soon as they were out the door Harry and I were left in a awkward silence.

Until he broke it.

"I'm sorry Draco. For the... hm... you know..."

"I-It's fine, don't worry." I replied.

He walked tentatively closer to me, and when I nodded he took it as a sign to keep going, and soon his lips were on mine, in a hungry kiss.

We stayed like that, tongues dancing together, and only broke a part a few minutes later, both gasping for breath.

"Breakfast starts in ten..." he whispered.

"We should get ready..." I whispered back.

"Or we could just stay here..."

"Harry... you know we can't... professor Dumbledore wants everyone eating in the Great Hall, it's not safe..." I explained, caressing his cheek with the back of my hand, and he nodded, leaning into the touch. "Let's get dressed."

Harry's POV

After we got ready, we headed to the Great Hall, and sat opposite to Hermione and Ron.

As we finished eating, I asked Draco if it would be okay if I excused

myself for a while, and when he nodded, I kissed his cheek, got up, and started walking to professor Dumbledore's direction.

Yes, I don't like him. But I need to find a way to talk to Sirius, and I don't know who else to ask.

When I caught the headmaster's gaze, he walked up to me immediately.

"Harry, my boy! How can I help you?" he asked.

"Hi, sir. I wanted to ask you favour, it's about Draco." I explained, and he nodded.

"Then we shall head to my office, that way you can talk freely." he said, and I hummed in agreement and followed him to his office, catching Draco's confused eyes on my way out of the Great Hall, and I replied him with a smirk.

Dumbledore's office was a mess, with papers and books everywhere, and I could only imagine the amount of stress he and the other professors where going through.

"Excuse the mess, Harry." he said, as he sat in his chair at the other side of his desk. "Have a seat."

I walked to sit in front of him, and as soon as I sat down he started talking again.

"So, Harry. What is it you wanted to discuss with me?"

"I wanted to know if there was anyway I could contact my godfather." I replied.

"Sirius Black?" I nodded. "Well, of course! He is a member of the Order, so he has access to the floo system in my office. It was set up so Order members could enter and leave Hogwarts grounds without having to take down the wards, so it does not endanger the school." he explained and I nodded.

"Thank you very much, sir. Could I know just how long would it take for him to arrive?"

"I'll owl him now, so he should be here in the afternoon. May I ask what does it have to do with Draco Malfoy?" he asked.

"I want to ask him if he wouldn't mind having Draco there for Easter break, as it is not safe for him to return to the Manor, as he has decided to switch sides." I said, and he smiled.

"So we have a Malfoy on our side?" he asked, happily.

"We sure do." I replied, returning the smile.

Draco's POV

Classes had been dismissed again, since the professors still needed to figure out what to doit

Lunch time was almost arriving and Harry wasn't back yet, and I was getting worried.

"Draco, calm down! He's fine, Hogwarts is safe. Plus, he left with Dumbledore, right? Don't worry." Hermione tried reassuring me.

We were sitting in Harry and I's couch, waiting for him to come.

"How do you expect me to stay calm when my boyfriend is out there Merlin knows where doing Merlin know what!" I snapped, and she sighed.

Five minutes later the door opened.

"Dray? Are you there?" I heard Harry's voice.

"HARRY!!!" I yelled, and ran to the door, jumping on him.

"Hi, Draco... hmm.. I've been out for like two hours, why are you acting like that?" he asked, confused, and I smacked him on the shoulder.

"You git! You leave like that, not telling where you're going? What are you leaving for? For how long are you going? You had me worried, angel! Something bad could have happened to you!" I shouted, a tear falling from my face.

"Oh, Dray... I'm so sorry..." he whispered, and took me in his arms, running his fingers through my hair. "I didn't mean to worry you, love..."

"I-It's okay... where did you go, anyway?"

"Dumbledore's office. I need to talk to Sirius, and he was the only one who could help me with that. I'm so sorry I didn't tell you, next time I promise to do so, deal?" he said, and I nodded into his chest. "Hello there, Ron, 'Mione!" he greeted as he saw we had company.

"Thank Merlin you're here, Harry! Draco was going nuts!" Hermione complained, and he chuckled.

"Tell me about it! He shouted at us at every word that left our mouths!" Ronald agreed.

"Guess my boyfriend just loves me too much to stay away, hum?" he mocked, and I buried my face deeper in his chest.

"Git." I said.

"But I'm your git." he replied.

"Oh, that you are!" I said, as I looked up at him.

Chapter XXIII - Sirius Black

Harry's POV

Later in the afternoon, Draco, Hermione, Ron and I were sitting on the ground, playing board games, when we heard a knock in the door.

"I'll get it." I said, as I got up from the floor.

I opened our quarters' door to find a man, not very tall, with dark brown shoulder-length hair and a moustache, leaning against the door frame, smirking.

"Harry." he said. And then it hit me.

"S-Sirius?" I asked, quietly, and he nodded.

I smiled, my eyes teared, and I launched myself at him, hugging him tightly, and he hugged back, slightly confused.

"I-Is it really you? My godfather?" I asked again, my eyes getting teary and my throat getting dry.

"Yes, Harry! What is going on, son?" he asked, concerned, but I kept smiling at him.

"Harry?" I heard Draco ask.

I turned around and his expression dropped as he saw the tears in my eyes. He ran to me and hugged me, not realising Sirius was there.

"What happened? Harry! Are you okay?"

I motioned to my side and as soon as he saw him, he smiled at me.

"So you are the famous Sirius Black?" he asked, still smiling.

"I am. And you are Draco Malfoy, son of Lucius Malfoy, am I right?" Sirius asked, his voice unsure and suspicious, and Draco nodded, flinching a bit at the mention of his father.

"It's him Dray! Can't you see! It's really him!" I said excitedly, and Draco smiled at me, leaving a soft kiss in my forehead.

"Yes, love, it's him. Why don't you talk with him instead of holding me?" he suggested, and I nodded, breaking our hug, and turning back to my godfather.

"Hmm... can someone please explain why all this excitement? Harry, it's not been that long, I saw you before Hogwarts started!" Sirius said, and Draco turned to him.

"Harry was hit with a ageing potion that was not well brewed, and it had the opposite effect. So he turned into a five year old little boy. I've been taking care of him, and every once in a while he takes potions that make him grow a few years. He's now fourteen. Saturday he will turn back to sixteen..." Draco explained, his voice lowering at the last part, which made my heart break.

"And how come no one thought about informing me about it?" Sirius asked.

"I don't know, I thought you knew..." I replied, then looked at Draco, who still had a sad expression on his face. "We'll find a solution Dray, don't be sad, you know it hurts to see you like that..."

He nodded slowly, and I gave him a quick hug and planted a soft kiss on his lips.

"It's going to be fine..." I whispered.

Sirius was staring at us with shock.

"Are you two together?" he asked, confused, and Draco and I nodded. "Wow. I mean- just wow! A Malfoy and a Potter, who would have seen *that* coming?" he chuckled.

"Sir, please, could you not refer me as a Malfoy? Nor mention my father? I don't like to be reminded of where I came from..." Draco

asked.

"Of course, dear! And please, call me Sirius. You're family now, I guess!" he said excitedly, and Draco gave him a soft smile. "So, Harry. Albus said you wanted to talk to me?"

"Oh, yes. Could we go somewhere else?" I asked.

"Sure." he replied.

"I'll be back, Dray. And I'm going with Sirius to I don't know where for I don't know how long." I said, smiling at him.

"You don't *need* to say all that, Harry, did you know? I just got worried this morning because I had no idea what had happened to you. Now, I'm sure you're in good hands." he stated.

"I know, but I promised you I would tell you everything didn't I?" I asked and he nodded. "Well, there's your answer." I walked to him, kissed him softly, and said. "I'll be right back. Love you."

"Yeah, yeah, maybe I love you too." he replied, crossing his arms and blushing.

"Oh, shut up, I know you do."

"Then why are you still talking? Go, don't let your godfather waiting, that's rude!" he said, mockingly, and I threw my tongue out at him, before leaving our quarters with Sirius.

"You really do love him, don't you?" he asked, as we made our way to Lupin's old office.

"More than I could ever describe it." I replied, and he smiled.

We entered Remus' old office and sat in front of each other.

"Sirius, are you sure we can be here?" I asked, unsure.

"Well, I think I'm allowed into my fiancé's old office, don't you

think?"

"You're engaged? To Lupin? Wow!" I said, surprised.

"Haven't I told you that? Oh, sorry. I forgot you forgot." he said.

"It's okay, you only just learned it, anyway."

"Now, son, what is it you wanted to talk with me about?" he asked.

"It's about Draco. Well, he doesn't want to be in the Voldemort's side. But he has the Dark Mark, he's branded." he gasped at that. "And, by having it, Voldemort has the power to summon him, and I can't let him go back to the Manor, or he will be in danger, but I can't hide him just anywhere, because he's only safe in places that are warded against apparition."

"So I take it you want him to stay with me?"

"Yes. His safety id the most important thing in the world for me, and I can't have him suffer for not having a choice on what he wants to do. That's why I want you to look after him. I know your place is warded and protected. And I need to know he's safe. Could you please to that for me?"

"Harry, dear, you don't need to ask twice. Of course I'll look after Draco, he's your boyfriend, and if you trust him I trust him. But what I'm curious about is why did you come to talk to me *now*, seeing as the first holidays are coming only in three weeks."

"Saturday I take my last potion, meaning I'll turn back to sixteen." he nodded. "And that means the de-ageing potion will wear off, meaning it will be like it never happened..." he looked at me worryingly. "meaning it is almost certain I won't remember what happened. That I'll forget I love Draco. That I'll forget who he really is... that's why I need you to promise me to take care of him when I won't..." my voice started trembling, and Sirius got up from his sit and took me in his arms.

"Oh, Harry... I'll do whatever I need to, okay? You can trust me." he reassured me, and I nodded into his chest.

"I'm scared of Draco's reaction to all of it... I'm scared he'll find no reason to carry on... that he'll turn cold and that he'll isolate himself... he told me I was his reason to keep on living... s-so what i-if he finds himself s-so broken he'll end h-his l-l-life?" I broke down crying, and Sirius rubbed my back.

"I won't let that happen, Harry... I won't... I promise... even if I have to become the family he seeks so hardly for, and I'll make you realise you need him, somehow... you'll find your way back to each other, I'm sure of it."

Chapter XXIV - Stag

[image]

Harry's POV

I spent the rest of the night tossing and turning, thinking about my talk with Sirius, and how I needed to talk with Draco about it.

After what seemed like forever, sun rose up, and Wednesday morning arrived.

I got up from bed, careful not to wake Draco up, and tiptoed to our kitchen, as I planned on making him an amazing breakfast, with all his favourite sweets, just so I could see the beautiful smile that I fell in love with.

I had been baking for about fifty minutes when everything was done, and there were only a few minutes until Draco woke up.

I set the table, decorating it with flowers and candles, and put two plates on top of it.

Then the only thing left was to wake Draco.

I walked slowly into our room, and layed next to him, resting a arm on his hip.

"Hey, dragon... good morning!" I said in his ear sweetly, and he groaned, then yawned, slowly opening his eyes up.

"Hi angel..." he whispered, cuddling into my chest.

"I have a surprise for you." I said.

"Hm? For me? A surprise? Why?" he asked, seeming obviously shocked.

"I love you... isn't that enough of a reason for wanting to surprise you?" I whispered, kissing his nose, which caused him to giggle and

blush.

"I suppose..." he replied, yawning again, before sitting up and stretching.

He was rubbing his face and running his fingers through his hair, and sat there, watching him.

"What are you staring at?" he asked, which brought me back to reality.

"You." I answered.

"Me? Why? Do I have something on my face?"

"No. You're just so beautiful. And I want to sit here just watching you forever."

He blushed and smiled at me lovingly.

"You're not so bad yourself." he finally said, and we both laughed together.

"Now get up, I want to show you your surprise." I said, getting up and opening the door, which filled the room with delicious smells.

"What is it? It smells delicious!" Draco asked in surprise.

"You'll see." I replied, walking out of the room, followed by Draco. I pulled out a chair in our dining room for him, and he sat, looking at me suspiciously, and I turned around and disappeared into the kitchen.

I came back a few moments later, followed by floating plates of food, and Draco's eyes lite up as I set the enormous amount of food on the table.

"Harry! You didn't-" he started.

"Yes, I did." I interrupted him, and his lips turned into one of the brightest, if not the brightest, smile I'd ever seen. That made my heart melt, and I walked up to him, planting a soft kiss on his sweet

lips.

"Harry... this is too much! You probably spent a lot of time with it! You shouldn't have-"

"I love you. You were worth every minute I spent with these sweets." he smiled again. "And that wonderful smile of yours? Makes me want to do this every single day, just so I get the chance to see it every morning, when you wake up." I whispered, close to his mouth.

"Thank you... I love you..." he whispered back, before kissing me again.

Then he looked at the table and back at me.

"These are my favourites!" he exclaimed.

"I know." I said, kissing him one last time before walking to the other side of the table, to my seat.

Draco's POV

Harry and I finished the amazing breakfast he had made after about forty minutes, which left us with a little less then half an hour before having to go to the Great Hall, since the professors has an announcement to do.

We talked, kissed and cuddled on the couch for most of that time, until we had to get ready to leave.

We got dressed in some muggle clothes, and much to my surprise I actually enjoyed them, they were pretty comfortable, and then we left.

We sat next to the other two members of the Golden Trio, and waited for Dumbledore.

Everyone was whispering and trying to figure out what would the headmaster want to announce, but quickly those whispers faded, as

he entered the Great Hall, followed by the rest of the professors.

They stood in front of everyone, in a line, half in each of Dumbledore's sides.

"Good morning, students!" he started. "You must all be wondering what would we want to announce that would require the whole school gathering in here. Well, the answer for that is simple, yet, it may not be pleasant." Whispers were heard again. "Silence!" Quiet. "As I was saying, I have not so pleasant news. We are not as safe as we though we were. We were planning on getting classes started again today, but something happened. There is someone among us, who is not who they claim being." People started looking at me, and I felt Harry squeezing my hand. "Katie Bell, a Gryffindor seventh year, has been cursed by a necklace given to her. The person who gave her the said necklace, wanted her to deliver it to someone, who we don't know who is, but she touched it accidentally, which led her to be cursed. She is lucky to be alive right now, and we have no idea what will happen next. That's why we have to be prepared. We're going to focus exclusively on learning about defence and attack spells, so we are able to protect each other. We are strong, and, together, we can beat Voldemort. We only have to have faith, and believe in our strengths, because it is in dark times like these we live in, that they bring themselves to surface. Good morning everyone, you are now dismissed."

The Great Hall erupted into whispers and discussions, and quickly everyone was looking at me, so Harry grabbed my arm and ran to our quarters.

"What are you doing!" I shouted.

"Dementors!" he said.

"What?"

"I could feel them, they were surrounding the school." he explained.

"H-How?"

"I don't know. But I know that I need to know you'll be safe. So I'm teaching you to conjure a patronus."

"What?" I asked again.

"You heard me. You will learn to conjure a patronus. Now think of a happy memory."

And that's how we spent the rest of the day, and by the end of it, my patronus revealed itself to be a beautiful stag.

Like Harry's.

And you know why is that?

Because he's my happy memory.

Chapter XXV - Sectumsempra

Draco's POV

After I learned all about the patronus charm, I was exhausted. I felt like if I moved in the slightest way I would break, so I laid on the couch as Harry was making dinner.

"Sauce or no sauce?" I heard Harry asking from the kitchen.

"What are you making?" I asked back.

"Pasta, it's the fastest right now." he replied.

"Sauce."

"Okay! It'll be ready in about five minutes."

I waited a few minutes and soon Harry was entering the living room with two plates filled with pasta and meatballs, and he set them in the small table in front of the couch.

"Move, I have to seat." he said, and I groaned, as I sat up.

"Ughh! Magic tires!" I groaned.

"But wasn't it worth it? Now you can protect yourself from dementors. And you can also communicate through the patronus."

"Yes yes. I know how patronus' work, I'm the smart one, remember?" I said and he chuckled, before leaning in and kissing my cheek.

"Let's eat, before it gets cold." he pointed, and I nodded, as we started eating.

"How can you make even pasta taste wonderful?" I asked, as I took a bite from the tasteful food.

"I don't know, it's just regular pasta!" he replied, laughing.

"Well, it's delicious."

"I'm glad you like it." he said, and stared at my face for a while, before dropping his head in a sad frown.

"What's the matter, angel?"

"Three days left... three days until we loose the most amazing thing in the world. And the love of my life." he almost-whispered, and it made my heart ache.

I hugged him, and we cried softly against each other, the food completely forgotten.

"Let's try to not think about that, love... let's make the most of our last three days..." I whispered into his ear, and he nodded.

After a while, we broke the hug, smiled at each other, and returned to eating.

"Oh, Harry. I've been meaning to ask, when the potion hit you, it made you forget everything before the age of five, right?" I asked and he nodded. "Then how did you know how to cast a patronus? Shouldn't you have forgotten about that?"

"I don't know! I didn't think about it! But I certainly remember Lupin teaching me in third year... how did that happen?" he said, confused.

"No idea."

"Does that mean I'm starting to change back to sixteen?" he asked.

"No! It doesn't! I hope so at least... you're only supposed to turn sixteen when you take the potion!" I stated.

"Yes, but... could it happen?"

"No... no. It can't and it won't. Maybe it was just some kind of gap. Ignore it, I think. At least for now." he nodded.

We finished our plates, and cuddled in the couch, Harry lying on my chest, and my hands around his waist.

"Love you, angel." I whispered.

"Love you too, dragon." he whispered back, and, like that, we fell asleep.

Thursday morning greeted us with, yet again, two voices whisper-yelling at each other in the other side of the living room. Why don't Hermione and Ronald take their discussions outside, for Merlin's beards! Some people want to sleep!

I groaned and opened my eyes slowly, quickly closing them again because of the sudden light.

"Oh, hi, Draco! Sorry we woke you... we didn't expect you to be sleeping here. May I ask *why* are you sleeping here?" Hermione asked.

"Hi, Hermione. May I ask why are *you* two always waking us up with fights? For Merlin's sake, just kiss already!" I said, annoyed, and they both blushed. "Come on! Everyone knows you like each other! Just do us all a favour and get together already!".

"T-That's not the point!" Hermione complained.

"Mind your own business!" Ronald said, a little bit too loudly, which made Harry groan into my chest and drowning his face closer to it.

"Good. Now you've woken Harry up!" I said, and Ronald looked other way. "Morning, sleepy head! How did you sleep?" I asked Harry softly, and he answered me with a groan. "Come on, love. We need to get ready for our first defence and attack class."

"Ugh. Morning, dragon." he whispered in a husky and tired voice. "Morning 'Mione, Ron." he said a little bit louder.

"Hi Harry." they both said at the same time, which caused them to blush.

Harry chuckled lightly into my chest, before kissing me sweetly, and, with another groan, getting up, and I instantly missed his warmth wrapped around me.

He stretched his arms and held his hand to help me get up aswell, and we walked into our bedroom.

I took off my shirt, and I heard Harry gasp in horror.

I turned around, and his face was shocked, and worried.

He kept his eyes in my chest and stomach, and when I looked down to see what he was looking at, I realised it was *the* scars. The scars he had forever marked me with, a few months ago.

He walked closer to me, while looking deeply into my eyes, and when he was only a few inches apart from me, he put his hand to the scars, and traced them with his fingers, which sent shivers to my whole body.

"Who did this to you?" he whispered.

"It doesn't matter..." I whispered back, not wanting him to know he had done this.

"Draco... please, tell me." his eyes were pleading me to talk, but I just couldn't tell him the truth.

"Harry, it's alright, it was a long time ago..."

"How long?"

"Five months and a few weeks..." I said, almost inaudibly.

"That's before-"

"You turned five, yes."

"Draco... did *I* do this?"

I tried to turn my face away, but he grabbed it and made me look into his beautiful green eyes.

"I did... oh, Draco! I'm so sorry... so sorry..." he said, hugging me closely.

"It's okay, Harry... it's okay... I had deserved it, I was about to throw an unforgivable at you. Seeing it another way, you saved me from going to Azkaban, right? Don't feel bad about it, love, please... and I forgave you long ago, so don't worry."

"How can I not worry, Dray? I hurt you..." he started but I stopped him planting a passionate kiss on his beautiful lips.

I broke the kiss after a few moments, resting my forehead against his.

"It's completely fine, angel... I love you, and I would still do even if you repeated this or if you won't feel the same way, my heart will always beat for you..."

He kissed me again.

"And mine beats for you." he whispered, before leaning in and kissing me harder, and we broke away panting after a few minutes.

"Oh, Merlin!" Ronald said. "You could have warned! I have been knocking for about five minutes! Now I'll never get that image of my mind!" he complained, before storming out, leaving Harry and I laughing.

Chapter XXVI - Defence and Attack

Harry's POV

Draco and I got dressed and walked out of the room, flushed and smiling, and found a smirking Hermione and a disturbed Ron waiting for us.

We stood in front of them in an extremely awkward silent for a few minutes, before Draco finally broke the silence.

"I'm not in the mood for awkwardness, I'm out." he said, turning around and walking to the front door, leaving me staring even more awkwardly at Ron and Hermione.

"Harry! Are you going to stand there looking like a lost puppy or are you coming with me?" Draco asked, making me flush as I realised he had been waiting for me to follow him, and slowly I backed away from my friends.

I walked to Draco, grabbed my cloak, putting it on, and we left the quarters, leaving the probably-soon-to-be couple to stare after us.

We met with a bunch of other students in the seventh floor, as Dumbledore said the defence and attack classes would be held there.

I remember slightly that there is a hidden room somewhere in this floor, and I have a feeling that's where the class will be held.

Everyone was whispering in confusion at the empty corridor, except for a some sixth year Gryffindors and a few Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs.

I wonder if they know about it from the same reason I was

supposed to know.

A few moments later, the hall went silent, as the professors came into it in a line, all looking serious.

They stood in front of a wall, and Dumbledore walked a little bit forward, clearing his throat, getting everyone's attention.

"Good morning, students. You are probably wondering why would I require you all to gather in a deserted corridor like the one we stand in, and some of you already know the answer to that question. The Room of Requirement. A room that a person can only enter when they have real need of it. Sometimes it is there, and sometimes it is not, but when it appears, it is always equipped for the seeker's needs. That's why we are here. We will be having defence and attack classes in this very room, every day in the morning. Classes will begin next week again, but they will be held only in the afternoon." Dumbledore explained, before heading to the wall and walking past it three times, making a huge door appear. "Follow me."

We walked through the gigantic door, entering a huge room, with large benches that occupied half of the room, the rest of it was empty.

Draco and I moved to sit in the front row, Hermione and Ron walking in a few time later, and sitting next to us.

The professors stood in front of us, and waited until everyone sat down and the noise eased.

"This is where we will meet everyday. We are going to start with learning about how we can defend ourselves, and for that, we will divide the class in three parts: defence charms, which will be taught by professor Flitwick and professor McGonagall; defence potions, where you will learn to brew potions that can create protection, like shields or healing, which will be taught by professor Slughorn and professor Snape; and finally, muggle defence, which is fighting with our own hands, and it could be useful in case you are disarmed or have no protection on, which will be taught by Madam Hooch. I will be helping everyone who needs, and answer any question you

have in the best way possible." Dumbledore said.

I raised my hand.

"Yes, Harry?"

"What will we start with? And for how long will this classes be held?" I asked.

"We will divide our time in three, starting with charms, then potions, then muggle fighting. The class will be divided in two for potions and charms, and each part will be taught be another professor, and then, for muggle fighting, you will be united again. As for your other question, I'm afraid I can't answer it with precision, it will be until you are ready, or until we are attacked, which I hope won't happen." I nodded, reaching my hand to hold Draco's, who was frightened with the idea of being attacked. "Any other questions?"

A few more hands were lifted, and the next half an hour was spent with answering those questions.

"No more time from questions, if you have any more, feel free to stop by my office. Now, Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs, you will have charms with professor McGonagall and Potions with professor Snape, Ravenclaws and Slytherins, professor Flitwick and professor Slughorn. You may begin." Dumbledore said.

"We're not together..." Draco frowned, and I kissed his forehead.

"Don't worry, you'll be okay." I said.

"No I won't... They will end up hurting me, and you know it. Slytherins say I'm a traitor for hanging out with you, and Ravenclaws hate me for being a Death Eater and for 'trying to turn the Chosen One to the dark side', and it won't end up well."

"Let's talk to Dumbledore, I'm sure he'll understand." I reassured him, and he smiled softly.

The class split up, and I dragged Draco to Dumbledore, who was standing in the back of the room.

"Hello there, my boys. What can I help you with?" he asked.

"I wanted to ask you permission to switch to the Gryffindor and Hufflepuff side, professor, as it is not safe for me to be around people who hate me without Harry around me." he murmured.

"You know it would be unfair for other students if you did so, don't you?" Dumbledore asked, and Draco looked down.

"Please, professor. I can't let him get hurt because of something he didn't do." I pleaded.

"I do not think you saw this clearly, Harry. He did do both of the things he's afraid to face. He did 'betray' the Slytherins, and he has the Dark Mark, which is understandable for students to be scared of." I looked down aswell, and Dumbledore looked at Draco, sighing. "But, I know for a fact that you were forced to take it, and that Harry is only trying to protect you, so I shall give you permission to switch." We smiled widely, and Draco threw himself at me, hugging me tight. "But if you disrupt classes or cause any trouble, you will immediately go back to Slytherin and Ravenclaw, are we clear?" we nodded, smiling.

"Thank you so much, professor!" Draco said, smiling and squeezing my hand.

"No problem, boys. Before you go, may I ask you something?" we nodded. "Are the both of you a couple? You don't have to answer that, but if you are, your secret is safe with me."

"I think half of the school has seen us kissing already, so it's not much of a secret. But we only made it official Saturday." I said, smiling at my beautiful boyfriend.

"Young love, how I miss it." Dumbledore said. "I used to look at someone that way in your age, sadly, he turned into an evil maniac and almost destroyed the wizarding world." he sighed.

"Really? Who was it?" I asked, curious.

"Gellert Grindelwald." he said quietly.

"But didn't you defeat him?" Draco asked.

"I did what had to be done. Now, enough with my past, off you go!" he said, smiling at us, and we said our goodbyes and left to our first defence class.

A/N - Thanks for reading! Leave your vote and comment any thoughts or suggestions! Love you all!

Chapter XXVII - Hugs

Draco's POV

Defence class passed by quickly, as every subject was going to be done in pairs, so I stayed with Harry.

People gave me weird looks for not being with my house, but Harry told me to ignore them, and I did.

Defence Charms was rather easy, as we learned about the disarming charm, which me and the other fifth, sixth and seventh years already knew.

Potions was easy aswell, it's always easy for me.

But what made me struggle was muggle defence, which consisted in physical fighting, which meant punches and kicks and everything.

Thankfully I was with Harry, who already knew most of this stuff, and he was extra careful with me.

Thank Merlin Dumbledore let me stay with him, otherwise it wouldn't have went really well.

As soon as the class ended, I was exhausted, and Harry had to basically drag me do the Great Hall for lunch.

We sat at the end of the Gryffindor table, away from everyone, and ate quickly, before standing up and hurrying to our quarters.

As soon as we entered the quarters, Harry pushed me to the wall and held my hand above my head, looking deeply into my eyes.

"Merlin, you're so beautiful." he murmured, before leaning in and kissing me passionately.

Then we heard a cough, which made Harry basically fly away from me in a fright, and we found that the said cough had came from Harry's godfather.

Harry groaned, not because of not wanting Sirius here, but because we were interrupted.

"Nobody ever let's us be alone!" he joked, as he walked closer to his godfather and hugged him.

"Should I have the talk with you?" Sirius asked him, before turning his gaze to me, and Harry and I blushed.

"No, thank you." Harry said. "I think I'll be fine."

"Thank Merlin, I had no idea what the hell I would say." Sirius laughed, and Harry soon joined him. "Come here, kiddo!" he told me, as he held the arm that was not hugging Harry open.

I walked to him slowly, and as soon as I got closer, he took me into the hug aswell, and I smiled sweetly at the affective gesture, before hugging him back.

"You haven't been hugged much, have you?" he asked softly.

"Not by any adult, and honestly not by any other person, if we don't count Harry." I murmured, and he hugged me closer to him.

"Then let's change it, shall we?" he whispered, and I nodded, letting a tear fall from my eye.

Harry left Sirius' embrace to smile at the sight, and Sirius held both his hands around me, as I silently let tears fall from my eyes.

"Thank you..." I whispered, shacking, and Sirius gently pulled away from the hug to wipe away my tears.

"You're not alone anymore, Draco." he said reassuringly, and I couldn't help but smile.

"Hey, Dray, Sirius and I were thinking, and what about you go spend holidays in his place? It would be safer than the Manor, and

it has wards against apparition, so you wouldn't need to worry about being summoned by Vol- The Dark Lord." Harry said, and I felt my eyes filling with hope.

"Really? You would let me? But Harry, you probably won't even remember us by then, you'll still think I'm against you and that I hate you!" I protested.

"And that's why he wanted to ask me about it now, so even if he doesn't remember, you'll still have a safe place to go, a home." Sirius explained.

"I don't know how to thank you..." I whispered.

"You don't have to, it's my pleasure to help you, son. And if you want, I could get your guardianship for the summers. It shouldn't be hard, seeing as we're family by blood." he said and I smiled again.

"Thank you... so much!" I said, as I launched myself into his arms again, before jumping back. "I'm sorry! I didn't mean to-"

"Come here, it's fine." Sirius said, as he took me into another hug.

He broke it a few moments later, and stood up, straightening his clothes.

"I just wanted to pass by quickly, so I should be leaving, Remus is making lunch and I'm already really really late, so, if I want to keep my head in place, it's probably best if I went home." he said, chuckling, and Harry and I laughed with him.

"Bye, Sirius!" Harry said.

"Bye!" I waved him goodbye, and he waved back to both of us before leaving.

I stood there, smiling, and I felt a pair of strong arms wrapping around my waist from behind.

I put my hands over his, and he hugged me tighter, starting to leave kisses on my cheek, trailing down until he reached my neck, where he started sucking lightly.

"Harry..." I whispered, and he hummed into my neck, sending shivers through my whole body. "I love you..."

"I love you too, my dragon..." he whispered into my ear, which sent even more shivers to me.

"Angel..."

His hand played with the hem of my shirt, and then I felt cold fingers touching my skin, and I hummed softly.

Harry was still kissing my neck when I noticed that there was someone staring at us with an angry expression on his face.

I instantly pulled Harry's hand from my waist and he groaned in protest, before realising we had company.

"Hello, professor..." he murmured.

"Hi there, Severus... hmm... what brought you here?" I asked awkwardly, as my godfather looked at us in disgust.

"There is a letter for you, Draco." he said, coldly. "It's from your mother." My eyes grew wide, as I ran to get the letter, Severus handing it to me, before pointing at my neck. "Cover it, it's disgusting." he said, and it took me a while to realise that he was talking about the hickey's Harry left in my neck.

"Thank you for the letter, anything else?" I asked.

He shock his head, before turning around and leaving the room.

"Well, that was awkward." Harry said, and I chuckled, before walking to a mirror.

I looked at my neck and groaned. It was full of purple marks, and they would be hard to cover.

"Harry! How am I supposed to go out with these?" I pointed at my neck.

"Maybe I just want everyone to know you're mine, and if they dare

yo touch you, they won't get away easily." he said, as he walked to me, leaving a soft kiss in my lips. "Why is it everytime we have a moment someone decides to interrupt us?"

"I have no idea." I answered, before kissing his lips softly. "Chess?"

"I'm going to beat you this time!" he said, as he ran to get the wizard chess board, and set it on the table.

"Game on!"

Chapter XXVIII - Moonlight

Draco's POV

After a few rounds of wizard chess, Harry decided the game was against him and that it was it's fault he couldn't win.

It was already half past five when we put the game away, and went to sit on the couch.

I sat at the end of it, and Harry laid his head on my lap, grabbing my hand and putting it to his hair.

"What are you? A dog?" I asked, laughing softly at him.

"It feels good." he said. "And I know you like stroking my hair. It's a win win situation."

I leaned down and planted a kiss on his forehead, before beginning to play with his soft locks, running my slender fingers in his head, massaging softly, as he hummed in pleasure, making me smile.

After a while, he closed his eyes, and I watched him sleep peacefully.

I would say it was creepy, if he didn't do it every morning before I woke up.

I thought it was strange, but now I get it why he does it.

It makes my heart go all fuzzy, just to know that he is here, and that he feels comfortable enough to fall asleep in my lap.

I never really payed attention to his sleep state.

His hair is messy, as I've been playing with it, his eyelashes are softly pressed against each other, his mouth his slightly open, his chest rising and falling with every breath he takes.

I couldn't help but smile at this boy I had the honor to call mine.

But the smile quickly faded, as I remembered that after tomorrow would be the day I would stop being able to see him like this, the day that everything I have will be taken away from me.

I'm only holding on to the slight hope that is still in me that he won't forget. That he will remember each and every single moment we have had for this past five months. That he will still love me.

I looked at him sadly for a few hours, just trying to memorise every single part of him that I could.

Then it was time for dinner, so I shacked my sleeping angel softly, and he slowly opened his eyes, letting out a soft yawn.

"Hi..." he whispered, his voice husky and his hands rubbing his eyes.

"Hey... it's time for dinner, love. Can you get up?

He nodded, before stretching himself and sitting up, groaning.

He rubbed his face once more, and ran his hand through his hair, brushing it so it wouldn't be such a mess.

"Let's go." he said, getting up and grabbing our coats, handing me mine, and then we left.

As soon as we arrived the Great Hall, we caught Severus' eye, and he glared at us, motioning me to cover my neck.

I blushed, before pulling my coat up, so it would cover as much as it could.

We walked to Ronald and Hermione, and sat in front of them.

As soon as they looked at me, Ronald blushed and looked down, and Hermione smiled.

Well, this is awkward.

"Hello, you two! Seems like you've been busy!" she exclaimed, and Ronald glared at her.

I turned crimson and Harry smirked at me.

"Oh my! You- did you?" She asked, and I quickly realised what she was talking about.

"No! No we haven't!" I almost shouted, and half of the Gryffindors turned to look at me.

"Yet." I heard Harry say, which made me flush even more, if it was possible, and glare at him. "I'm just kidding Dray! Don't look at me that way." he said, laughing.

"Git." I murmured.

"Asshole." he replied.

"Prat."

"Moron."

"Jerk."

"Idiot."

"Mooncalf."

"What the hell is a mooncalf?" he asked.

"Another word for idiot." I said, smirking at him.

"Aw, my boyfriend's so smart!" he said, in a babyish voice, as he pocked my nose.

"And mine is so amazing!" I said, mimicking his babyish voice.

"Not as amazing as mine!" he said, and that was the beginning of a new silly argument that made Hermione look at us dreamily and Ronald as if he was about to vomit.

We finished dinner and decided to walk outside the castle for a while, even though it was almost past curfew.

We walked hand in hand, admiring the beautiful castle Hogwarts was, and how amazing it looked under the moonlight.

But there was one thing that looked so much better under the moonlight.

Harry.

The way his perfect skin glows, the way his hair flies backwards due to the small night breeze, and the way his emerald eyes shine brighter every time he looks at the stars.

But it may be the last time I see this beautiful angel under the night lights.

So I stoped walking, held his other hand, turning him to me, and took his lips on mine, in a desperate and full of emotions kiss.

It said so much more than words ever could.

It had joy, sadness, pain, love, fear all mixed together.

All mixed in the pair of lips pressed against each other like their life depended on it.

Like in the second they split, they would break apart.

Stop breathing.

But here, kissing Harry under the moonlight, all those fears, sorrows, all that pain, every bad emotion faded.

Faded just like the stars do when the sun comes up.

And Harry is my sun, my moon, my everything.

He is bright as the sun, mysterious as the moon, and when he appears, I can't look at anything else.

Just like my eyes glue themselves to the moon, that beautiful circle

in the sky.

I didn't want the kiss to ever stop.

I didn't want my sun and moon taken away from me.

I could feel hot tears falling from my face as I wrapped my arms around my lover's neck, and he wrapped his around my waist.

He was crying too.

Pouring all his heart into this kiss.

The kiss that felt like the last one.

Like we would fade away as soon as it was over.

So we kept kissing, and kissing, for what felt like forever.

But I would stay here, kissing the love of my life forever.

Because yes, Harry is the love of my life.

And I didn't believe I would ever find one.

But I did.

I found Harry.

My Harry.

My angel.

My love.

And I didn't want to ever let go.

Because I need him, so freaking much.

And I love him, more than I've ever loved anyone in my whole life.

Chapter XXIX - Gone

Draco's POV

After we returned to our quarters, Harry and I entered our room, taking our shirts off and falling into bed as soon as we caught sight of it.

Harry laid on his side, with his arm under his head, watching me with admiring eyes.

I smiled at him, and he placed his hand gently on my chin, pulling my lips to his in a short, yet soft kiss, smiling into it.

We stayed in that position for a few moments, before Harry grabbed me by the waist and pulled me as close to him as it was possible.

I rested my head in his chest, feeling it rise and fall with every breath he took and hearing his soft heartbeat.

We fell asleep like that, not even bothering to change, just enjoying the other's warmth and company.

The next morning, I woke up to a shivering and sweating Harry, and I instantly started worrying.

"Harry?" I whispered. "Harry! Harry, can you hear me?" I said a little bit louder, starting to shake him awake.

He woke up a few seconds later with a gasp, and he suddenly started crying.

"What happened?" I asked him softly, as I wrapped my arms around his trembling body. "Harry, love... talk to me... Was it a nightmare?"

He nodded into my chest, trying to stop himself from sobbing

harder.

I started running my hand through his hair, and I felt his relaxing from that gesture.

"You're okay, angel... it was just a dream..." I whispered in his ear, and he looked up slowly, locking his emerald eyes with my mercury ones.

"Y-Your father... he-he was there... and your mother... we need to get to her!" he mumbled between sobs.

"What are you saying?" I asked, scared now.

"And the Dark Lord! He was there too! We need to go!"

"Harry! Talk to me!"

"She's in danger! I know it! I saw it!" he cried, and my expression turned into one of horror.

"A-Are you sure?" I asked.

"Just trust me dammit!" he snapped.

I nodded, then looked at my nightstand, finding my mother's letter that I hadn't read yet.

I opened it, and as soon as I read what it said, I let it fall from my eyes, and tears started falling from my face.

"W-We can't go..." I whispered.

"What?!"

"It's a trap Harry!" I said, handing my mother's letter to him.

Dear Draco,

You have no idea how much I miss you, my son, but you should know, you mustn't return.

It's dangerous, and I need you to know, that writing this will probably end badly for me, but you need to keep Harry safe, and yourself. At any costs.

The Dark Lord is planning on finding someone to attract him to the Manor, and to trick him into a death trap.

So, please, if you want the Wizarding World to have any chance at defeating him, Harry can't come near the Manor.

Nor can you. Everyone knows about you two, and they are furious.

But I want you to know that I support you completely, and that I love you, Draco, from the bottom of my heart.

You are the best son I could ever have wished for, and I want you to move on when you realise what the Dark Lord will be doing.

Please, don't ever come back, you won't get out alive if you do, and I assure you, as soon as you two realise what's supposed to happen, it will already have happened.

Once again, I love you Draco, don't ever forget that.

Dearly,

Your mother.

"Draco..." he whispered, and I broke down.

I felt his arms wrapping around me , holding me close.

After a while, when I calmed down a little, I turned to him.

"W-What exactly did you see? S-She's gone, i-isn't she?"

He brushed my cheek with his thumb, wiping away the tears.

"I'm sorry, Dray..." he whispered, and I nodded.

"I-I'm okay. I'll be okay." I said, and he gave me a reassuring smile, before kissing the rest of my tears away.

"I love you my dragon..."

"I love you so much, Harry... I'm ruining our last day... I'm so stupid... I don't deserve you..."

He stoped me with a kiss, resting his arms firmly around my waist.

"You deserve so so much... why can't you see that? You're so amazing, sweet, caring, beautiful, smart... Merlin, I could spend days just telling you how awesome you are, and how you deserve every single good thing that will ever happen to you... it hurts me to see you putting yourself down, Draco..." he whispered, leaning in and kissing me repeatedly.

"I-I'm sorry..."

"Don't you dare apologise, you did nothing wrong." he said, and I smiled.

"I wish you would come to the funeral with me..." I said in a almost-whisper.

"I know... I really hope I don't forget about us..."

"So do I..."

We leaned in to kiss again, when the door of my room barged open, and a bunch of professors came in.

"Oh, we're sorry... we didn't want to interrupt anything." Dumbledore said, and that's when I realised we were both shirtless and probably with messed hair, flushed cheeks, and the hickeys from the day before still noticeable in my chest and neck.

Snape walked forward, ignoring the fact that the other professors were staring awkwardly at us.

"Draco, something happened last night. Something awfully terrible, and I'm afraid you will not be pleased to hear it but-"

"I know." I simply said. "It's about Mother, isn't it?"

They nodded.

"We're so-" McGonagall tried to say, but I interrupted.

"Sorry? Yeah I know. And if you want to do anything for me, then I would ask you to let me be alone with Harry for the rest of the day."

"The last potion is to be drank tonight." Professor Slughorn said. "I would advise you to say to each other anything you want to say, because as you know, the chances that-"

"Yes! We know! We don't need you to remind us of it, okay?" I snapped, and he nodded.

"You may have the day off. If any of you needs anything, don't be afraid to step by my office." Dumbledore said, and we nodded.

"Thank you, professor." I said, and then they left the room, leaving Harry and I alone.

I looked at Harry, and he was smiling dumbly at me.

"What?" I asked.

"You're beautiful, did I ever tell you that?"

I let out a weak laugh.

"Only a million times a day." I replied, and he smiled even brighter, bringing me closer to him.

"Let's go on a date. A real date." he said, and I raised my eyebrow.

"Haven't we already had a 'real date'?" I asked.

"No, I mean a date that's not walking around Hogsmeade doing nothing. I'm going to plan a fantastic date for us, and we'll have an amazing time together." he said, getting up. "Stay here, I'll come back in an hour maximum, okay?" he asked.

"But-"

"No buts. Love you." he said, as he kissed me sweetly and grabbed some clothes, dressing up and leaving.

But I just wanted to spend the whole day by your side... that's all I need...

Chapter XXX - Always and Forever

Harry's POV

After I left our quarters, I went to a few places around the castle, getting everything done for the amazing date I has planned with my boyfriend.

It took my about fifty minutes to get everything done, and when all was ready, I walked back to the quarters, only to find Draco sitting on the couch, hugging his knees and crying silently.

"Dray? What's wrong?" I asked, concerned.

"N-Nothing... everything's fine." he said, trying to sound convincing, but failing miserably.

"I know you, love... I know you're not okay... can you tell me what happened?"

"W-Why did you leave?" he whispered.

"To prepare the date... don't you want to go? We can stay here if you want to..." I said, sounding a little bit disappointed.

"It's not that... you didn't let me speak when I tried to protest against you leaving... I just didn't want to be left alone... b-but it's okay now, you're here."

"Oh, Draco..." I said, walking closer to him, wrapping my arms around him. "I'm sorry... I should have listened to you... but I'll make it up to you, I promise. You'll love what I have planned."

He looked up and gave me a soft smile, and I leaned in to leave a peck on his lips.

"Then let's go." he said, sounding happier now.

I waited for him to get dressed, and then we left.

We walked outside the castle, and Draco kept giving me confused looks, but I would just smile at him.

Then we reached the Forbidden Forest, and Draco stopped.

"Harry... where are we going? It's dangerous here!" he protested.

"Do you trust me?" I asked and he nodded. "Then come." I said, reaching for his hand and squeezing it reassuringly.

We walked through the immensity of threes, all lined up, one next to the other, until we reached a small place that looked like a cavern, covered in plants that were forming some kind of curtain, taking the entrance away from view.

I let go of Draco's hand, and went to draw the plants away, revealing a big hole that led to somewhere else.

I motioned for Draco to pass, and I heard him gasp as soon as he entered.

"Where did you find this place?" he asked, and I walked to stand next to him.

The place was a big clearing, filled with flowers and grass, a small river passed across it, fading into the small mountains, which held a beautiful waterfall, that reflected a rainbow to the sky.

"I usually come here to think." I replied.

"It's beautiful..." he whispered.

"Not as beautiful as you." I said, and he chuckled.

"You're so lame." he said, and I kissed his cheek.

"I love you..." I whispered in his ear.

"I love you too..." he whispered back. "So, what do you have

planned?"

I pointed to a blanket and a basket by the river, and I saw him smile.

"Follow me." I said, and he did.

I walked to the place where the blanket and basket laid, and sat on top of the blanket, Draco doing the same.

I opened the basket, taking out Draco's favourite sandwiches and butterbeer.

I handed him one of the sandwiches, and he grabbed one bottle, opening it and taking a sip, then smiling at me.

"I can't believe you did all of this..." he whispered.

"It was nothing, Dray. I just wanted us to have an amazing last day..." I said, then pointed to his mouth. "You have some-" I started, before I leaned in and cleaned the butterbeer foam he has on his lip with my thumb.

He started laughing, but that laugh turned into a deep blush as I licked my thumb, cleaning the foam.

He moved to sit on my lap, resting each leg on either side of my hips, and kissed me passionately.

"Merlin, I love you..." he whispered into the kiss, making me hum in pleasure and agreement.

Soon, our tongues were dancing together in perfect harmony, and even though we needed to breath, that didn't seem like a priority.

We stayed like that for another few minutes, before we broke the kiss, panting and gasping for air.

He didn't get off my lap, instead, he wrapped his arms around my neck, burying his face on my neck, and I wrapped mine tightly around his waist.

After a while of comfortable silence, Draco kissed me softly once more, before getting out of my lap, blushing and smiling widely, and grabbed his sandwich, finishing it, as I did the same.

Then I got up, taking my shirt and trousers off, andDraco stared at me in confusion.

"What? You didn't think we were coming to a beautiful place with a river just to stare at it, did you?" I asked, and he took the hint, getting up and undressing his shirt and trousers aswell.

"Race you to the river?" he asked, and before I could answer, he was already sprinting towards it.

"Hey! Cheat!" I shouted, running after him.

An that's how we spent the evening, running around, playing in the water, and enjoying each other's company.

A few hours later, we found ourselves sitting on the blanket, curled up against each other, looking at the beautiful sight was the sun fading into the horizon.

I had never seen a sunset as gorgeous as the one I was witnessing, it could be the place we were in, or the fact of who was I watching it.

I put my arm around Draco's shoulders, and felt his rest his head in my shoulder, and I let out a happy sigh.

"I wish it could be like this forever..." I murmured, watching as the sun started getting out of sight.

"So do I..." he said, with clear sadness, so I placed my lips on his, as kissed him, putting as much of myself I could into that sweet and loving kiss.

"I love you, and I always will... even if I can't remember, I promise... we'll make it work, have faith, Draco..." I whispered into his lips.

"Just kiss me, angel... just keep kissing me... so that I know you're here *now*..."

And I did, I kept kissing him, showing him how much I care for him and how deep I've fallen for this amazing guy I get to call mine.

The kiss didn't get heated, it stayed soft, and we were both okay with it, since it was our way to say to one another that we love them.

Soon it began getting dark, so we broke the kiss, and stared into each others eyes for a while, and I gently took Draco's hair from his eyes so I could see the electrifying mercury better.

We slowly got up, and put the blanket and trash inside the basket, and, taking one last look at the place, we linked hands and started walking away.

The walk back to our quarters was silent, and as soon as we passed our door and saw that Slughorn had already left the last potion there, and I looked to my side to find Draco had tears falling from his eyes.

I took him into a tight hug, and he wrapped his arms around my neck, kissing my face over and over again, whispering I love yous in between them.

And when he stoped he stood close to me, looking into my eyes, with an almost pleading look. Pleading, begging me to not leave.

"I won't take it..." I whispered.

"What?" he whispered back.

"The potion, I won't take it... I can't take it..."

"You have to, my angel... as much as it pains us... you know you have to... you'd be throwing all your life away if you didn't..."

"*You* are my life, Draco... nothing else. Just you. I only need *you*." my voice started trembling.

"Then do it for me... please... I can't let you not take the potion..."

"Dray..."

"I love you. And I always will. My heart's yours. Always and forever."

"And mine's yours. Always and forever... Merlin, I love you so much... you made this past months absolutely amazing, and I'll never be able to thank you enough for it. You took care of me, you treated me well, you put all our past behind, just to give a scared and broken child a good childhood..."

"You don't need to thank me, love. I did it because I wanted to... no one made me do it... and that reminds me! I have something for you!" he said, sounding excited, yet, still very sad.

I raised my eyebrow at him, and he smiled at me, before going to our room, coming back with a really big and thick book levitating after him.

He placed it on the dining table, and motioned me to come over.

I walked to him slowly, wondering what could be inside that book.

"I hope you like it... I've been doing it since I realised that you probably never had an actual childhood." he said, nervously, and opened the book to the first page, which had four pictures glued to it... pictures of five year old me, one of them where I was smiling happily at the toys I was playing with, and the other looked almost the same.

"Draco..." I said, voice trembling.

"I want you to keep it... memories of your childhood... and us... there are pictures of every phase... the most recent ones are from the both of us..." he whispered.

"I love it... but how? I never saw any camera..." I said, as I flicked through the pages that held every happy moment I spent, and the ones I looked at the most were the ones where Draco was there with me, smiling a genuine smile, laughing... I let tears start falling from my eyes.

"It was with a spell I learned... it's a spell that captures every moment that I want to be captured, and then, I take it from my mind and put it to a paper, so it can always be there... and I knew you didn't have any kind of memory album, so I took the initiative to make one. I captured every smile, every laugh, every moment... it's all there. So you can look at it, even if you don't remember... Hermione helped me putting it together, and she said you would love it." he explained, and I grabbed his face, pulling it into a kiss.

"I love you... so much... so so much..." I said, intertwining words with kisses.

"It's time for you to take the potion..." he said sadly, after a while, and I nodded, as he went to pick the small bottle up.

"Let's go to our room, I want to fall asleep next to you for the last time..." I whispered, and he nodded.

We walked into our room, changing into comfortable nightgowns, and sat on bed.

Draco opened the bottle, handing it to me, but I pushed it away, opening my mouth.

He smiled at this, as it was what I did all the other times he gave me the potion.

He leaned in, pouring the liquid slowly into my mouth.

I groaned at it's awful taste, then kissed Draco passionately on the lips, pulling him as close to me as possible.

Silent tears were falling from both our eyes, as we poured our hearts into our probably last kiss.

I pulled away slowly, locking our eyes.

"I-I love you, m-my dragon... d-don't ever forget that..." I whispered sweetly, yet, trembling.

"I-I love y-you too, angel... so freaking much..." he whispered back, his voice breaking more at each word that left his mouth.

We got under the covers and held each other, and then I heard Draco's sobs turn into soft breaths, which meant he had fallen asleep.

I kisses his lips and cheeks, hugging him closer, and fell asleep next to the love of my life, thinking about what would happen next.

A/N - Super long chapter, ye!!! Sorry it's so emotional! The book is coming to an end... will Harry forget? Will he remember?

Thank you all so so much for reading! Leave your vote and comment what you think!

Love you all!

Chapter XXXI - New Beginnings

[image]

A/N - Final chapter!!! And I was only planning on posting it Monday, but guess I didn't want to make you wait for so long!!! Hope you like it!!

Harry's POV

I woke up feeling my head pounding, and to an unusual silence in the dorm.

I tried opening my eyes, but they were refusing to do so, so I gave up an tried to go back to sleep.

But then I felt there was a body pressed against mine, and that my arms were around it.

Did I drink last night? I thought

I forced my eyes open, and when they did, they were filled by an immensity of light, which caused me to groan.

The person next to me yawned and got up slowly, but I still couldn't tell who he or she was.

"Hey..."

It's definitely a he.

"Who is there?" I groaned, blocking the sunlight from my eyes with my hands.

"So you don't remember... I shouldn't have gotten my hopes up..." he murmured.

"What?" I asked, in confusion.

"Oh, nothing, don't worry, Harry." he said.

I know that voice.

I started taking my hands of my eyes.

"Please, don't freak out." he pleaded, which got me even more confused.

And as soon as my hands were out of the way, I realised why.

"MALFOY?!" I shouted.

"Harry, please-"

"What the hell are you doing in bed with me?! And why in the name of Merlin are you calling me by my first name?!"

"Harry-" he tried reaching for my hand, but I slapped it away.

"Get away from me!"

"Harry, just let me explain!" he snapped.

I could tell by his voice he sounded hurt, and I had no idea why.

"What is there to explain? And why are we shirtless? And why is your neck full of hickeys!? Oh my- why didn't- did we? No-"

"Harry!! Calm down, would you?" he said.

"No, I won't calm down!! I'm leaving." I said, grabbing a shirt that was on the floor and putting it on, before storming out.

I closed the door behind me, and stood there, not knowing what to do.

Then I heard sniffles, that turned into pained sobs, and I had no idea what to do.

I sat with my head against the door, hearing my long time enemy cry desperately, and feeling my heart squeeze at it, for some reason.

I wanted to leave, I really wanted to.

But I couldn't bring myself to do so.

I also wanted to enter the room again, and comfort the boy in pain.

Yet, I couldn't bring myself to do that either.

So I stayed put, hearing Malfoy's sobs getting louder and more painful, and I could feel a tear threatening to fall from my eye.

Why?

I wish I knew.

I sat there for a few more minutes, before I heard the front door barge open, revealing a very concerned Ron and Hermione.

"Harry? You're back?" Hermione said, and I raised my eyebrow at that.

"Back from where? Why is everyone acting weird?" I asked, confused.

"Where is Draco?" Ron asked.

"Why are you calling him that? What the hell is going on?"

Everything went silent, and then the door behind me opened.

"Hey..." said a quiet voice, that belonged to none other than Draco Malfoy.

"Oh, Draco..." Hermione said, walking past me to embrace the boy with puffy eyes.

"I-It's okay, Hermione... I'll be okay..." he whispered.

"What's wrong?!" I snapped. "Can someone just tell me what is happening? Seems like there's something you all clearly know but won't tell me! Are you two together? 'Cause if it is that, that's fine by me, 'Mione! As long as he doesn't act like prat!" I asked, hoping for whatever reason that it wasn't the case, and I saw Malfoy's eyes

widening in a mixture of hurt, sadness, and slight disgust.

"Oh, no! Merlin no!" she turned to Malfoy "Don't get it wrong, Draco, it's just-"

"You're in love with Ronald, yes, everyone with eyes knows that." Malfoy said, rolling his eyes.

"Stop it, Draco!" she said, shoving him slightly hard on the shoulder.

"Ouch!" he said.

"You are with Ron? Why didn't you tell me?"

"We're not together!" said Ron, and Hermione looked at him, hurt, and stormed out of the room.

"'Mione!" Ron shouted, apologising to us before running after her.

Draco- no, Malfoy was smiling at them, and then he turned to me, still smiling, and my stomach twisted, sending shivers through my whole body. That smile... it's so beautiful- what? No!

"These two are going to be the death of us, aren't they, angel?" he asked, and my eyes widened.

Angel? What? Am I hearing things? I think I'm going crazy!

"Did you just- hmm... call me a-angel?" I asked, in a low tone, and I saw him blush slightly.

"Oh, sorry I forgot you forgot... I mean, no! Oh, shit." he said.

"Forgot what?"

He walked closer to me, and with each step I took back, he would take one forward, until I was trapped between the wall and his warm body.

"Everything..." he whispered in my ear, causing me to blush furiously.

He took a step back, taking a look at my excessively flushed face.

"Well, maybe there's still a chance." he said in a low voice, not quite whispering anymore.

"W-What are you talking about... what a-are you doing?" I asked, nervously.

"I need to tell you what happened, for the past five months." he said, grabbing my hand and dragging me to sit on the couch.

"Five months? What happened?"

"Five months ago you were hit by a ageing potion made by the both of us-" he started.

"I remember brewing it, but wasn't it yesterday?"

"No. It was five months ago."

"H-How?"

"Longbottom fell on our cauldron, making the badly brewed potion spill on you. That caused you to de-age. You were turned into a five year old little child. And you were scared, so I helped you. I offered to look after you until you returned to the age of sixteen." he explained.

"So I've been five for the past five months?" I asked, confused.

"Not exactly. You took potions to grow up every month, and you went from five to seven, then ten, then twelve, then fourteen. Yesterday was your last day as a fourteen year old boy."

"Then how come I can't remember it? Shouldn't I be able to?"

"No, there was only a slight chance you would, but you didn't. That's why I want to do everything in my power to make you remember."

"Why bother? Why did you choose to take care of me in the first place? W-Why were you crying when I left the room in the morning..." I whispered the last part. "You hate me... I hate you... don't you? Don't I? I can't tell what the hell is going on inside me!

And how am I supposed to know you're telling the truth!?"

He got up from the couch, walking to the dining table, coming back with a thick book.

"This is your album. I gave it to you yesterday... It holds all the memories you forgot..."

He handed me the album, and I opened it, looking through the pictures... pictures of me.

I was small in the first ones, skinny, pale, yet, I was smiling. I looked happy.

I saw every picture, with a smile in my face, and then I reached the part that said "fourteen".

There were several pictures of me and Draco laughing together, eating... kissing? We were kissing?

"What is this? Why- Why are we-"

Before I could finish, my lips were covered with Draco's soft ones, and I froze.

"Please, Harry... please, kiss back..." he whispered against my lips, but I out my hands on his chest, gently pushing him away.

"Harry..." tears started to fall from his eyes, and I couldn't help but feel my heart break.

I stared deeply into his mercury eyes, noticing just how beautiful they were, and then my eyes flicked to his perfect lips.

I looked at his eyes again, that were now filled with hope, and I launched myself on his lap, resting one leg in each side of his hip, and kissed him roughly.

Never had I felt so much electricity and sparks coming from a kiss, not even with Ginny.

I broke the kiss after a while, panting, and not breaking eye contact.

"Wow..." I whispered.

"Yeah... wow..." he whispered back, pecking my lips once more.

His hands were placed firmly on my waist, and mine were on his shoulders, and I tentatively ran my right hand down his chest, to his stomach, rubbing it up and down.

I placed my hand under his shirt, and leaned forward to kiss his lips gently, while caressing his toned torso.

He hummed into the kiss, while pulling me closer to him.

"Harry..." he whispered.

"Hmm..?"

"I love you..." he said, and I froze again.

I felt myself starting to tremble, as images flew in my head.

I lost my balance and started breathing heavily, those breaths slowly turning into whimpers, then screams.

I was in pain... so much pain.

"Harry! Harry! Breath, just breath! Come on, Harry!" he shouted, trying to soothe me down by rubbing his hands on my back.

Then it stoped.

I was sweating and trembling, but it was worth it.

"Harry... are you okay? I didn't mean to overwhelm you anyhow..." he whispered.

"Dragon..." I whispered, and is eyes widened.

"D-Did you just-"

"Draco... I-I remember, oh Merlin! Draco! I remember! Everything! Oh my- " I interrupted myself by kissing Draco passionately.

He was crying by now, happy tears streaming down his face, but so was I.

I felt so happy, so relieved.

"I love you... I love you... I love you..." I kept saying, over and over again, as I kissed him passionately.

"I love you too, angel... so so much..."

And that's what I wanted for the rest of my life.

Draco's love.

That's all I needed.

And all I'll ever need.

Yes, we still have so much to go through, with the war, and with all the downsides it will bring along.

I stood by his side every second of his mother's funeral, and despite the stares we were getting from being together, I held his hand the whole time as he cried.

I told him she would be proud of the man he had became.

He promised to never ever leave me that night, and I promised it back.

I will protect him until the very end, and I will forever give myself fully to him.

I'll always love him.

Who would have ever said a stupid accident could have turned our lives upside down.

Who would have ever said that small accidents could lead to new beginnings.

A/N - Aaaaaand that's it! You can't imagine how sad I am that this story is over😭

I had so much fun writing it, and I already have new ideas for new stories!

Maybe I'll write a Scorbus fic? Or would you prefer Drarry again?

I want to thank all of you who read the story until the end, thank you for all the votes, all the comments, everything!!!!

Comment if you want me to write an epilogue, or a sequel even?

Share your ideas for new stories or the sequel, or just ask me questions!

I really enjoy reading your comments❤

I love you all so so much and you are absolutely amazing!!!

Bye for now!!

SEQUEL

A/N

Hey everyone! I know it's almost a year later than I intended, but, finally, I WROTE A SEQUEL!!

It's titled "*Semper in Pectore Meo - Drarry*", the first chapter is already published (completed now :3) and you can find it on my profile page. I'm doing my best for it to be better than this one, I've grown as a writer since I finished this one, I promise!

I'm sorry for the REALLY long wait, but I have big plans for this sequel!

I hope you enjoy it as much as I'm enjoying writing it!